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The Effigies of Mr. George Herbert; Author of those Sacred Poems called The Temple.

THE TEMPLE

Sacred Poems

& PRIVATE

Ejaculations

By George Herbert

Psal: 29:8

In his Temple doth every man
speake of his honour

Printed from the Manuscript
in the *Bodleian* Library by
the *Nonesuch* Press
London 1927

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Prefatory Note as to the Text, the Portrait, &c.

THE three sources for the text of *The Temple* are MS. Tanner 307, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the First Edition (1633), which prints the same poems as does the Bodleian MS.; and the MS. Jones B62 in the Dr. Williams' Library, London, which presents an early state of such poems as it contains.

Dr. Alexander Grosart in 1874 discovered the Jones MS. and formed his text, now from this, now from the edition of 1633, following his poetic judgment whither it might lead him. In *The Life and Works of George Herbert*, 1905, Professor Palmer uses the edition of 1633 as his text, "whenever this gives sense, even inferior sense"; but he silently changes the punctuation. The Nonesuch edition prints for the first time the text of the Bodleian MS., on the ground that it is without doubt the text nearest to Herbert's own, if it is not indeed Herbert's own. The differences between it and the edition of 1633 are for the most part trivial in detail, but not unimportant in the mass.

It was this Bodleian MS. which, "after some time and some arguments" as Walton says, was licensed for publication without the first-demanded deletion of the lines:

> Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land
> Ready to passe to the *American* strand.

The signatures of the Vice-Chancellor and the censors appear on its first page. It is therefore probably

the copy from which Ferrar's edition of 1633 was set up, although this supposes that a vast amount of not very significant alteration of spelling (in well-nigh a majority of words) and of punctuation (in a majority of lines) was made in the proof. There are, however, a number of corrections, made as if for the printer, written in a hand other than the scribe's upon the MS. itself.

More important still, there is no weighty argument to disturb the prima facie likelihood that this is the very copy which Herbert on his death-bed dispatched to Nicholas Ferrar. If it is not Herbert's own book, it cannot be other than a transcription as exact as a careful copyist could make it. Walton says that when Herbert was near to death, he "did, with such a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him: 'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer [Nicholas Ferrar] . . . desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made publick; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.'" "Thus meanly," says Walton, "did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *The Temple*, or *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*."

It has been argued that it is not possible to identify the Bodleian MS. with Herbert's "little book" because the MS. measures as much as $7\frac{3}{4}$ by $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It scarcely needs to be said that the word "little" may well be a word of humility and depreciation, qualitative not quantitative in meaning. The context and the "thus meanly" of Walton support this view.

In the notes, which give the more important variant readings in the edition of 1633 and in the Dr. Williams' Library MS., the opportunity has

been taken to record a few instances where a 1633 spelling has been inadvertently admitted to the text. Moreover, Professor Palmer in his three volumes has on a very few occasions ascribed a wrong reading to the Bodleian MS.; and the temptation to note any mistake, however trivial, in a work so accurate and irreplaceable (and so imaginative and just in its criticism) has not been resisted.

It remains to say that where the scribe of the Bodleian MS. appears to be simply "flourishing" a first letter, it has not been reproduced as a capital; and that his method of indicating the use of italics, by writing the relevant word in a hand a little larger than the run of the text, is not always clear enough to dispel all doubt as to his intention. The list of "titles of the severall poems" is reprinted as it appears in the MS., which does not invariably reproduce the spelling of the titles in the text.

Professor Palmer reproduced for the first time a pencil drawing of George Herbert in the possession of Mr. George Young of Salisbury, whose family is descended in a collateral line from Izaak Walton. It is signed *R. White delin.* Professor Palmer makes the pleasant speculation that this drawing may have been copied from a portrait by Van Dyck, who was in England during Herbert's last years, and made many portraits of the family of the Earl of Pembroke, kinsmen of the poet, and his near neighbours at Wilton House. White himself was not born until after Herbert's death.

The engraved portrait which appears above White's signature in Walton's *Lives*, 1670, and, with slight changes, in the tenth edition of *The Temple*, 1674, is clearly based upon this drawing, though there is not a little difference in the characterization of the face. For the present edition a new engraving has been made after the pencil

drawing. It is a more faithful rendering of the original than was White's own engraving.

I wish to thank Geoffrey Keynes for his Bibliography; and Alan G. McDougall for his help with the proofs.

Francis Meynell.

22nd June 1927.

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The Original of

Mr. George Herbert's

TEMPLE;

as it was at first licenced

for the presse.

¶ The Dedication

Lord, *my first fruits present themselves to thee;*
Yet not mine neither, for from thee they came,
And must returne. Accept of them, and mee,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eies hither, who shall make a gaine:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves, or mee, refraine.

¶ *Perirrhanterium*

Thou, whose sweet youth, and early hopes inhance
Thy rate, and price, and marke thee for a treasure;
Harken unto a verser, who may chance
Rhime thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,
And turne delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust: it doth pollute, and foule
Whom *God* in Baptisme washt with his owne blood.
It blotts thy lesson written in thy soule;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eies upon a Bible looke,
Much lesse towards *God*, whose lust is all their booke.

Abstaine wholly, or wedd. Thy bounteous *Lord*
Allows thee choyse of paths. Take no by-waies,
But gladly welcome, what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds, and staies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both, and so
If rottennes have more, let *Heaven* goe.

If *God* had layed all common, certainely
Man would have beene th'incloser: but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breakes the fence, and every ground will plough.
O, what were man, might he himselfe misplace!
Sure to be crosse he would shift feet, and face.

Drinke not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list, and powre the shame,
Which it would powre on thee, upon the floore.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw mee there, if I keepe the round.

He, that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his sister: he hath lost the raynes,
Is outlawd by himselfe: all kind of ill
Did with his liquour slide into his veines.
The drunkard forfets Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung mind
Loose all mine owne? *God* hath given mee a measure
Short of his canne, and body: must I find
A paine in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glasse; if thou loose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quitt the roome.
All in a shipwrack shift their severall way.
Let not a common ruine thee intombe,
Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgoe the place.
Wine above all things doth *God's* stampe deface.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine, or wantonnes,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.
Fraylty getts pardon by submissivenes,
But he, that boasts, shuts that out of his story.
He makes flat warre with *God*, and doth defy
With his poore clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vaine.
It getts thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust, and wine plead a pleasure; avarice gaine:
But the cheap swearer through his open sluce
Lets his soule runne for nought, as little fearing;
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou doest tell anothers jest, therein
Omitt the oathes, which true witt cannot need.
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanely feed.
Play not away the vertue of that name,
Which is thy best stake, when greifes make thee tame.

The cheapest sins most dearely punisht are;
Because to shun them also is so cheape:
For wee have witt to marke them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy soules faire heape.
If thou wilt dy, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride, and full sinnes have made the way a road.

Lye not; but let thy heart be true to *God*,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those, that feare the rod.
The stormy working soule spitts lies, and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a ly.
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idlenes; which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will cry
Against thee: for his light was onely lent.
God gave thy soule brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleepe out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe.
If studious, coppy faire,what time hath blurr'd;
Redeeme truth from his jawes. If souldier,
Chase brave imployments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Foole not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O *England,* full of sinne, but most of sloth,
Spitt out thy flegme, and fill thy brest with glory.
Thy *Gentry* bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story.
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs cheifly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son;
Some mark a partridge, never their childs fashion;
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art; make it thy great designe:
And if *Gods* image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but doe not breed
A mastring mind: so both are lost thereby.
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All, that they leave. This is flatt poverty.
For he, that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poore, as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunke with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill
To feele those tempests,which fly over ditches.
But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou doest purpose ought within thy power,
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small.
Constancy knitts the bones, and makes us sowre,
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.
Who breakes his owne bond, forfetteth himselfe:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelfe.

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly.
Thinke the king sees thee still; for his *King* does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisy.
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who feares to doe ill, setts himselfe to task.
Who feares to doe well, sure should weare a mask.

Looke to thy mouth; diseases enter there.
Thou hast two skonses, if thy stomack call;
Carve, or discourse; doe not a famine feare.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talkes, to all.
Looke on meat, thinke it durt, then eat a bitt,
And say withall Earth to Earth I committ.

Slight those, who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so, but man?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line: becken the sky.
Who lives by rule then, keepes good company.

Who keepes no guard upon himselfe, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-trust pack,
Whose every parcell underwrites a law.
Loose not thy selfe, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock, and key.

By all meanes use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy selfe: see what thy soule doth weare.
Dare to looke in thy chest, for 'tis thine owne;
And tumble up, and downe what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest, till hee good-fellows find,
He breakes up house, turnes out of doores his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy freind his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Gett to live;
Then live, and use it: els, it is not true,
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the yeare: but age, if it will hitt,
Shootes a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, freinds upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairely part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evill,
Lest gaining gaine on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurers devill;
Whom when he thinkes he hath, the devill hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones, or gold
About thy neck doe drown thee? raise thy head;
Take starres for mony; starres not to be told
By any art, yet to bee purchased.
None is so wastfull as the scraping dame.
She looseth three for one, her soule, rest, fame.

By no meanes runne in debt. Take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourty: hee's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing, that's for its selfe too deare.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himselfe, but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They, that by pleading cloths
Doe fortunes seeke, when worth and service fayle,
Would have their tale beleeved for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under saile.
Old courtiers know this: therefore sett out so,
As all the day thou mayest hold out to go.

In cloathes, cheape handsomnes doth beare the bell.
Wisedome's a trimmer thing, then shop ere gave.
Say not then, this with that lace will doe well,
But, this with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousnes is a perpetuall wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a-doing.

Play not for gaine, but sport. Who playes for more,
Then he can loose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants, and *churches* also play their part.
Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe,
Finds his crackt name at length in the *Church*-glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deare a rate,
Learne this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost.
Dost loose? rise up. Dost winne? rise in that state.
Who strive to sitt out loosing hands, are lost.
Game is a civil gunpouder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole encrease.

In conversation boldnes now beares sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish bee,
As empty boldnes: therefore first assay
To stuffe thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant. Get substantiall worth:
Boldnes guilds finely, and will sett it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre?
Then keepe such company; make them thy allay,
Gett a sharp wife, a servant, that will lowre.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Commande thy selfe in cheif. He life's warre knows,
Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He, that dares not speake
Plainly, and home, is coward of the two.
Thinke not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will breake.
By great deeds show, that thou canst little doe;
And doe them not: that shall thy wisedome bee;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne webbe,which poysonous fancies make:
But the great souldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuffe,which would endure a shake.
Wisedome picks freinds; civility playes the rest.
A toy shun'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs least:
For witt is news only to ignorance.
Lesse at thine owne things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profanenes, filthines, abusivenes.
These are the scumme, with which course witts abound;
The fine may spare these well, yet not goe lesse.
All things are bigge with jest: nothing that's plaine,
But may be witty, if thou hast the vaine.

Witt's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a freind, sometimes the engineer.
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too deare.
Many, affecting witt beyond their power,
Have gott to be a deare foole for an houre.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion
That leads the van, and swallows up the citties.
The gigler is a milkmaid, whom infection,
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldnes:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In service care, or coldnes
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre, or make.
Feed no man in his sinnes: for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devill in damnation.

Envy not greatnes: for thou mak'st thereby
Thy self the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine owne worme: yet such jelousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spite,
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When basenes is exalted, doe not bate
The place its honour, for the persons sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast, that beares it on his back.
I care not, though the cloth of state should bee
Not of rich arras, but meane tapestry.

Thy freind put in thy bosome: weare his eies
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay downe all his feare.
But love is lost, the way of freindship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, *Christ* his John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt: I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it; rather
Both freinds should dy, then hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends,
And are her sureties, ere they are a freind's.

If thou bee single, all thy goods, and ground
Submitt to love: but yet not more then all.
Give one estate, as one life: none is bound
To worke for two,who brought himself to thrall.
God made mee one man; love makes mee no more.
Till labour come, and make my weaknes score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please:
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or witty.
Usefulnes comes by labour,witt by ease;
Courtesy grows in court, news in the citty.
Gett a good stock of these, then draw the card,
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best:
For so thou dost thy self, and him a pleasure.
(But a proud ignorance will loose his rest,
Rather then shew his cards) steale from his treasure
What to ask further: doubts well rays'd doe lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all,
That thou canst speake, at once; but husband it,
And give men turnes of speach: doe not forestall
By lavishnes thine owne, and others witt,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civill guest
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feast.

Be calme in arguing: for feircnes makes
Errour a fault, and truth a discourtesy.
Why should I feele another man's mistakes,
More then his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdome neither: therefore gently move.

Calmnes is great advantage. He, that lets
Another chafe, may warme him at his fire,
Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often ayme at, never hitt the spheere.

Mark what another sayes: for many are
Full of themselves, and answere their owne notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy freind, be with them both.
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be usefull where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindnes, good parts, great places are the way
To compasse this. Find out mens wants, and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes goe lesse
To the one joy of doeing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble, and magnanimous bee.
Sink not in spirit. Who aymeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much then he, that meanes a tree.
A graine of glory mixt with humblenes
Cures both a feaver, and lethargicknes.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how, the busines may be done.
Slacknes breeds wormes; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active, and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, here lyes such-a-one.

Slite not the smallest losse, whether it bee
In love, or honour: take account of all.
Shine like the *Sunne* in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of creditt swell, or fall.
Who say I care not, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, will not quitt the cost.

Scorne no mans love, though of a meane degree:
Love is a present for a mighty king.
Much lesse make any one thy enemy.
As gunnes destroy, soe may a litle sling.
The cunning workeman never doth refuse
The meanest toole, that he may chance to use.

All forraine wisedome doth amount to this,
To take all, that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amisse;
A good digestion turneth all to health.
And then as farre, as faire behaviour may,
Strike of all scores; none are so cleere as they.

Keepe all thy native good, and naturalize
All forraine of that name; but scorne their ill:
Embrace their activenes, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfetteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fitt,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy witt.

Affect in things about thee cleanlines,
That all may gladly boord thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their stock of noysomnes
Before hand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy minds sweetnes have his operation
Upon thy body, cloths, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy meanes, and others merrit.
Thinke *Heaven* a better bargaine, then to give
Onely thy single market-mony for it.
Joine hands with *God* to make a man to live.
Give to all something, to a goode poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is *Gods* image; but a poore man is
Christs stampe to boote: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, so much given to *God;* thou shalt be heard,
Let thy almes goe before, and keep heavens gate
Open for thee, or both may come too late.

Restore to *God* his due in tith, and time:
A tith purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundayes observe: thinke,when the bells doe chime,
'Tis angels musique; therefore come not late.
God then deales blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not hast, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood;
For all the weeke thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not the Mighty *God:* O bee not crosse.
Fast when thou wilt, but then 'tis gaine, not losse.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publique hath more promises, more love.
And love's a waight to hearts, to eyes a signe.
Wee all are but cold suitors; let us move
Where it is warmest: leave thy six, and seaven;
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the *Church,* be bare.
God is more there, then thou: for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy selfe all reverence, and feare.
Kneeling nere spoil'd silk stocking: quitt thy state;
All equall are within the *Churche's* gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest,
Stay not for th'other pin: why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreemely flout thee,
Thy cloths being fast, but thy soule loose about thee.

In time of service seale up both thine eies,
And send them to thine heart; that spying sinne,
They may weepe out the staines by them did rise:
Those dores being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in *Church*-time others symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vaine, or busy thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purg'd his temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves mett together
To couzin thee. Looke to thy Actions well:
For Churches are either our heaven, or hell.

Judge not the *Preacher;* for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching Folly. Doe not grudge
To picke out treasures from an earthen pott.
The worst speake something good; if all want sence,
God takes a text, and preacheth Patience.

He, that gets Patience, and the blessing, which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his paines.
He, that by being at *Church,* escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gaines.
He, that loves *Gods* abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at *Preachers* Language, or expression:
How know'st thou, but thy sinnes made him miscarry?
Then turne thy faults, and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoere he be: O tarry,
And love him for his master. His condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physition.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those, who mock at *Gods* way of salvation.
Whom oile, and balsoms kill, what salve can cure?
They drinke with greedines a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder, and wee folly.
Though *God* doe hedge us in,yet who is holy?

Summe up at night,what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning,what thou hast to doe.
Dresse, and undresse thy soule: Mark the decay
And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
Be downe, then winde up both. Since wee shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In breif, acquitt thee bravely; play the Man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but goe.
Deferre not the least vertue. Life's poore span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou doe ill; the joy fades, not the paines:
If well; the paine doth fade, the joy remaines.

¶

Thou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thy selfe in Church; approach, and tast
The *Churche's* mysticall repast.

¶

Avoyd Profanenes come not heere.
Nothing, but holy, pure, and cleere,
Or that, which groneth to be so,
May at his perill further goe.

¶ *The Altar*

A broken Altar, Lord, thy servant reares,
Made of a heart, and cimented with teares.
Whose parts are, as thy hand did frame;
No workemans toole hath touch'd the same.
A heart alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing, but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy Name.
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O lett thy blessed sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be thine.

¶ *The Sacrifice*

Oh all ye, who passe by, whose eies and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind,
To mee, who tooke eies, that I might you finde.
Was ever greif like mine?

The Princes of my People make a head
Against their Maker: they doe wish mee dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever greif like mine?

Without mee each one, who doth now mee brave
Had to this day bin an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against mee, which I gave.
Was ever greif like mine?

Mine owne Apostle, who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbeare
To sell mee also, and to put mee there.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

For thirty pence he did my death devize,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not halfe so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Therefore my soule melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops blood (the onely beads) my words to measure.
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

These drops being temper'd with a sinners teares
A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres;
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my feares.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Yet my disciples sleepe, I cannot gaine
One houre of watching, but their drowsy braine
Comforts not mee, and doth my doctrine staine.
Was ever greif like mine?

Arise, Arise, they come. Looke how they runne!
Alas what hast they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns doe they seeke the sunne!
Was ever greif, &c.

With clubs and staves they seeke mee, as a theife,
Who am the way and truth, the true releife.
Most true to those, who are my greatest greife:
Was ever greif, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray mee with a kisse?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever greif, &c.

See they lay hold on mee, not with the hands
Of fayth, but fury: yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.
Was ever greif, &c.

All my Disciples fly; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my freinds and mee; They leave the starre,
That brought the wise men of the East from farre.
Was ever greif, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead mee, urging, that it was not sound,
What I taught. Comments would the text confound.
Was ever greif, &c.

The Preist and Rulers all false witnes seeke
'Gainst him, who seekes not life, but is the meeke,
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great weeke.
Was ever greif, &c.

Then they accuse me of great Blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Diety,
Who never thought that any Robbery.
Was ever greif like mine?

Some sayd, that I the Temple to the floore
In three dayes raz'd, and raysed, as before.
Why he, that built the world, can doe much more.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Then they condemne mee, all with that same breath,
Which I doe give them dayly, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

They bind, and lead mee unto *Herod:* He
Sends mee to *Pilate.* This makes them agree;
But yet their Freindship is my Enmitie.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Herod and all his Bands doe sett mee light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the *Lord* of *Hosts* and might.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Herod in Judgement sits, while I doe stand.
Examins mee with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things els command:
Was ever greif, *&c.*

The *Jews* accuse mee with dispitefulnes;
And vying malice with my gentlenes,
Pick quarrels with their onely happines.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

I answere nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle Love.
But who does hawke at Eagles with a Dove?
Was ever greif, *&c.*

My Silence rather doth augment their cry;
My Dove doth back into my bosome fly:
Because the raging waters still are high.
Was ever greif like mine?

Harke how they cry alowd still, *Crucify.*
It is not fitt he live a day, they cry,
Who cannot live lesse, then æternally.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Pilate a stranger holdeth of; but they
Mine owne deare people, cry, *Away, Away,*
With Noyses confused frighting the day:
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their eares,
Putting my life among their sins and feares,
And therefore wish my Blood on them and theirs.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

See how spite cankers things. These words, aright
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light.
But hony is their gall: Brightnes their Night.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

They choose a Murderer, and all agree
In him to doe themselves a curtesie:
For it was their owne cause, who killed mee.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

And a seditious Murderer he was.
But I the Prince of peace, peace, that doth passe
All understanding more, then heaven doth glasse:
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Why Cæsar is their onely King, not I.
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry.
But surely not their hearts, as I well try.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tendernes
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitternes
Winds up my greif to a mysteriousnes.
Was ever greif like mine?

They buffett him, and box him as they list,
Who grasps the earth and heaven with his fist,
And never yet, whom he would punish, mist.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Behold they spitt on mee in scornefull wise,
Who by my spittle gave the blindman eyes,
Leaving his blindnes to my enemies.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

My face they cover, though it be devine.
As *Moses* face was vailed so is mine,
Lest on their double-darke soules either shine.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Servants and Abjects flout mee; they are witty.
Now prophesy, who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in mee deny themselves all pitty.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

And now I am delivered unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before mee well nigh suffereth.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Weep not, deare freinds, since I for both have wept
When all my teares were blood, the while you slept:
Your teares for your owne fortunes should be kept.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

The souldiers lead mee to the common Hall,
There they deride mee, they abuse mee all;
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Then with a scarlet robe they mee array;
Which shows my blood to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repaire mans decay:
Was ever greif like mine?

Then on my head a crowne of thornes I weare:
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth beare,
Though I my vine planted and watered there:
Was ever greif, *&c.*

So sits the earths great curse in *Adams* fall
Upon my head; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and beare the thrall.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Then with the read they gave to mee before
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
Of heavenly blessings issue evermore.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

They bow their knees to mee, and cry, *Haile King.*
What ever scoffes and scornfulnes can bring,
I am the floore, the sinke, where they it fling.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Yet since mans scepters are as fraile, as reeds,
And thorny all their crownes, bloody their weeds,
I who am truth turne into truth their deeds.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

The souldiers also spitt upon that face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets once to see but found no place.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Thus trimmed, forth they bring mee to the rout,
Who *Crucify him,* cry with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at Man, and Man cryes out.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

They lead mee in once more, and putting then
Mine owne cloths on, they lead mee out agen.
Whom Devills fly, thus is he tost of men.
Was ever greif like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to ingrosse
All spite in one, counting my life their losse,
They carry mee to my most bitter crosse.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

My crosse I beare my selfe, untill I faint.
Then *Simon* beares it for mee by constraint,
The decreed *Burden* of each mortall Saint.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Oh all ye, who passe by, Behold and see
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree,
The tree of life to all, but onely mee.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Lo here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
The greater world o' th' two: for that came in
By words, but this by sorrow I must winne.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Such sorrow, as if sinfull man could feele,
Or feele his part, he would not cease to kneele,
Till all were melted, though he were all steele.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

But, O my *God*, my *God*, why leav'st thou mee,
The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to bee?
My *God*, My *God*—
Never was greif like mine.

Shame teares my soule, my Body many a wound,
Sharp nailes peirce this, but sharper that confound,
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever greif, *&c.*

Now heale thy self, Physitian, now come downe.
Alas, I did so, when I left my crowne,
And fathers smile for you, to feele his frowne.
Was ever greif like mine?

In healing, not my self, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist.
Your safety in my sicknes doth subsist.
Was ever greif, &c.

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas, what have I stolne from you? Death.
Was ever greif, &c.

A King my title is, prefix'd on high,
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to dy
A servile death in servile company.
Was ever greif, &c.

They give mee vineger, mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With *Manna,* Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever greif, &c.

They part my garments, and by lott dispose
My coat, the type of Love, which once cur'd those,
Who sought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever greif, &c.

Nay, after death their spite shall further goe
For they will peirce my side, I full well know.
That as sin came, so sacraments might flow.
Was ever greif, &c.

But now I dy: now all is finished.
My *woe,* mans *weale;* and now I bow my head.
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was greif like mine.

¶ *The Thankes-giving*

Oh King of greif (a title strange, yet true
To thee, of all kings, onely due)
Oh King of wounds, how shall I greive for thee,
Who in all greif preventest mee?
Shall I weepe blood? why thou hast wept such store
That all thy body was one dore.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My *God,* my *God,* why dost thou part from mee,
Was such a greif, as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping, thy dolefull story,
And side with thy triumphant glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thornes, my flowre?
Thy rod, my Posy? crosse, my Bowre?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Coppy thy faire, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge mee on thy love,
And try, who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give mee wealth, I will restore
All back unto thee by the poore.
If thou dost give mee honour, men shall see,
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry, or if she be mine,
She and her children shalbe thine.
My Bosome freind, if he blaspheme thy name,
I will teare thence his love and fame.
One half of mee being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chappell, dy or live.
As for thy passion—but of that anone,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination Ile contrive,
That three yeares hence if I survive,

Ile build a spittle, or mend common wayes,
But mend mine owne without delayes.
Then I will use the workes of thy creation,
As if I us'd them, but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the yeare
Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My Music shall find thee, and ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing.
That all together may accord in thee,
And prove one *God*, one Harmonie.
If thou shalt give mee witt, it shall appeare,
If thou hast given it me, 'tis here.
Nay I will read thy booke, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love.
Thy art of love, which Ile turne back on thee,
O my deare *Saviour*, Victorie.
Then for thy passion — I will do for that —
Alas, my *God*, I know not what.

¶ *The Reprisall*

I have considerd it, and find,
There is no dealing with thy mighty passion.
For though I dy for thee, I am behind.
My sinnes deserve the condemnation.

Oh make mee innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free:
And yet thy wounds still my attempts defy,
For by thy death I dy for thee.

Ah was it not enough that thou
By thy eternall glory didst outgoe mee?
Couldst thou not greifs sad conquests mee allow,
But in all victories overthrow mee?

Yet by confession will I come
Into thy conquest: though I can doe nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The Man, who once against thee fought.

¶ *The Agony*

Philosophers have measur'd mountaines,
Fadom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walk'd with a staff to heaven, and traced fountaines:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove.
Yet few there are, that sound them, Sinne, and Love.

Who would know sinne, let him repaire
Unto Mount Olivet, there shall he see
A man so wrung with paines, that all his haire,
His skin, his garments bloody bee.
Sinne is that Presse and vice, which forceth paine
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vaine.

Who knowes not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice, which on the Crosse a Pike
Did sett againe abroach; then let him say,
If ever he did tast the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my *God* feels, as blood, but I, as wine.

¶ *The Sinner*

Lord, how I am all Ague, when I seeke,
What I have treasur'd in my memory!
Since if my soule make even with the weeke,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
I find there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of holines, that dare not venture
To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees.
There the circumference earth is, Heaven the center.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small.
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundred part.
Yet *Lord* restore thine image, heare my call:
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can grone,
Remember, that thou once didst write in stone.

¶ *Good Friday*

O my Cheif Good,
How shall I measure out thy blood?
How shall I count, what thee befell,
And each greife tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or since one starre show'd thy first breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which fals in Autumne, score a greif?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit be signe
Of the true vine?

Then let each houre,
Of my whole life one greif devoure;
That thy distresse through all may runne,
And be my sunne.

Or rather let
My severall sinnes their sorrows gett,
That as each Beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

Since blood is fittest, *Lord*, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight,
My heart hath store, write there, where in
One box doth ly both inke and sinne.

That when sinne spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nailes, thy wounds, thy woes
All come to lodge there, sinne may say,
No roome for mee, and fly away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,
And keepe possession with thy grace,
Least sinne take courage, and returne,
And all the writings blot or burne.

¶ *Redemption*

Having bin Tenant long to a rich *Lord,*
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.
In Heaven at his mannour I him sought,
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

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I strait return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts,
In cities, theaters, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of theeves and murderers. There I him espyd,
Who strait, *Your suit is granted,* sayd, and died.

ℐ *Sepulcher*

Oh blessed body, whither art thou throwne.
No lodgeing for thee, but a cold hard stone.
So many herts on earth, and yet not one
receive thee?

Sure there is roome within our hearts good store:
For they can lodge transgressions by the score.
Thousands of toyes dwell there; yet out of dore
They leave thee.

But that, which shows them large, shows them unfitt.
What ever sinne did this pure rock committ,
Which holds thee now? Who hath endited it
of murder?

Where our hard hearts have tooke up stones to braine thee,
And missing this, most falsly did arraine thee,
Only these stones in quiet entertaine thee,
and order.

And as of old the law by heavenly art
Was writt in stone: so thou, which also art
The letter of the word, find'st no fitt heart
to hold thee.

Yet doe wee still persist, as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foule, from loving man
withold thee.

¶ *Easter*

Rise heart; thy *Lord* is risen. Sing his praise
without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
with him mayst rise,
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
with all thy art.
The *Crosse* taught all wood to resound his Name,
who bore the same.
His stretched *sinews* taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high Day.

Consort both *Heart* and *Lute,* and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all Musick is but three parts vyed
and multiplied
Oh let thy *blessed Spirit* beare a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I gott mee flowrs to straw thy way;
I gott mee boughs of many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The *Sunne* arising in the East,
Though he give light, & th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but wee misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ *Easter wings*

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise,
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in mee.

¶ *Easter wings*

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.
With thee
Let mee combine,
And feele this day thy victorie,
For if I impe my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in mee.

¶ *H. Baptisme*

As he, that sees a dark and shady grove,
Stays not but lookes beyond it on the sky:
So when I veiw my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
Is in my deare Redeemers peirced side.
O blessed streames, either ye doe prevent
And stop our sinnes from growing thick and wide,

Or els give teares to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreeds the plaister equall to the crime.
You taught the Booke of Life my name, that so

Whatever future sinnes should mee miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

¶ *H. Baptisme*

Since *Lord* to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancie
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in mee.

O let me still
Write thee great *God,* and me a child.
Let mee be soft and supple to thy will,
Small to my selfe, to others mild,
Be hither ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh gett on, yet let her sister
My soule bid nothing, but preserve her wealth.
The growth of flesh is but a blister,
Childhood is health.

¶ *Nature*

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or deny
That thou hast ought to doe with mee.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venome lurke,
And in suggestions fume and worke,
My soule will turne to bubbles strait,
And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind,
Making thy workmanship, deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Ingrave thy reverend law and feare;
Or make a new one since the old
Is saplesse growne,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

¶ *Sinne*

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round?
Parents first season us: then schoolemasters
Deliver us to laws: they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and strategemes and catches in,
Bibles layd open, millions of surprizes,

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnes,
The sound of glory ringing in our eares
Without, our shame,within, our consciences,
Angels and Grace, eternal hopes and feares.
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

¶ *Affliction*

When first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave.
So many joyes I writ downe for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delites,
Augmented with thy gracious benefites.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to mee.
Thy glorious household-stuff did mee intwine,
And 'tice mee unto thee.
Such starres I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Payd mee my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want,whose King I served?
Where joyes my fellows were:
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for greif or feare.
Therefore my suddaine soule caught at the place,
And made her youth and fiercenes seeke thy face.

At first thou gav'st mee milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way.
My dayes were straw'd with flowres and happines,
There was no month but May.
But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soule in paine,
Sicknesses cleave my bones.
Consuming agues dwell in every vaine,
And tune my breath to grones,
Sorrow was all my soule, I scarce beleived,
Till greife did tell mee roundly that I lived.

When I gott health, thou took'st away my life
And more; for my freinds dy:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use then I.
Thus thinne and leane without a fence or freind,
I was blowne through with every storme and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather tooke
The way that takes the towne;
Thou didst betray mee to a lingring booke
And wrap mee in a gowne,
I was intangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the powre to change my life.

Yet for I threatned oft the seege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I tooke thy sweetned pill, till I came where
I could not goe away, nor persevere.

Yet least perchance I should too happy bee
In my unhappines,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest mee
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power crosse-bias mee, not making
Thine owne guift good, yet mee from my waies taking.

Now I am heere, what thou wilt doe with mee
None of my bookes will showe.
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her household to mee, and I should be just.

Yet though thou troublest mee, I must be meeke;
In weaknes must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and goe seeke
Some other Master out.
Ah my deare *God,* though I am cleane forgott,
Let mee not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ *Repentance*

Lord, I confesse my sinne is great,
Great is my sinne. O gently treat
With thy quick flowre, thy momentarie bloome
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steedy aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres worke, or three,
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are wee to delights; but wee are all
To sorrows, old,
If life be told,
From what life feeleth, *Adams* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short breathed men.
Cut mee not of for my most foule transgression,
I doe confesse
My foolishnesse,
My *God* accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter boule;
Which thou hast pourd into my soule;
Thy wormewood turne to health, winds to faire
For if thou stay, [weather.
I, and this day,
As wee did rise, wee dy together.

When thou for sinne rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan.
Bitternes fills our bowells: all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drope away,
And carry with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt sinne and greif destroy,
That so the broken bones may ioy,
And tune together in a well sett song,
Full of his praises,
Who dead men raises:
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

¶ *Faith*

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans sight was dimme,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him.

Hungry I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast,
I had it strait, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not gett, I thought it heere:
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walke to heaven well neere.

I owed thousands and much more.
I did beleive, that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly, my creditor
Beleeves so too, and lets mee goe.

Fayth makes mee any thing, or all
That I beleive is in the sacred story;
And where sin placeth mee in Adams fall,
Fayth setts mee higher in his glory.

If I goe lower in the booke,
What can be lower, then the common manger?
Faith puts mee there with him, who sweetly tooke
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise, or strong had gained it:
Where now by fayth all arms are of a length,
One size doth all conditions fitt.

A peasant may beleive as much
As a great cleark, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend & crouch,
While grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sunne,
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;
And in this show, what *Christ* hath done.

That, which before was darkned cleane
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eie,
Vanishd away, when fayth did change the scene,
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body runne to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every graine
With an exact, and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh againe.

¶ *Prayer*

Prayer the *Churches* banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man, returning to his birth,
The soule in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth,
Engine against th'Almighty, sinners Towre,
Reversed thunder, *Christ*-side-peircing speare,
The six-dayes world transposing in an houre,
A kind of tune, which all things heare and feare,
Softnes, and peace, and ioy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted Manna, gladnes of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, Man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the soules blood,
The Land of spices, something understood.

¶ *The H. Communion*

Not in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who for mee wast sold,
To mee dost now thy self convey:
For so thou should'st without mee still have binne,
Leaving within mee sinne.

But by the way of nourishment and strength
Thou creep'st into my brest;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length,
Which spred their forces into every part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet can these not gett over to my soule,
Leaping the wall, that parts
Our souls and fleshy hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controule
My rebell-flesh, and carrying thy Name,
Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soules most subtle roomes,
While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend,
Dispatches from their freind.

Give mee my captive soule, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lumpe to leaven,
A fervent sigh might well have blowne
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to heaven from Paradise goe,
As from one roome t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy heavenly blood;
Which I can goe to, when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ *Antiphon*

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly.
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The *Church* with psalmes must shout,
No dore can keepe them out.
But above all the heart
Must beare the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

¶ *Love*

I

Immortal *Love,* author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parceld out thy glorious Name,
And thrown it on that dust,which thou hast made,
While mortal Love doth all the title gaine.
Which siding with invention, they together
Beare all the sway, possesssing heart and braine,
(Thy workemanship) and give thee share in neither.

Witt fancies beauty, beauty raiseth witt.
The world is theirs, they two play out the game,
Thou standing by; and though thy glorious Name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernal pitt,
Who sings thy praise? onely a skarf or glove
Doth warme our hands, and make them write of love.

II

Immortal heat, o let thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it: let those fires,
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,
As may consume our lusts, and make thee way:
Then shall our hearts pant thee: then shall our braine
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymnes send back thy fire againe:
Our eies shall see thee, which before saw dust,
Dust blowne by witt, till that they both were blind.
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who wert disseized by usurping lust.
All knees shall bow to thee, all witts shall rise,
And praise him, who did make and mend our eies.

¶ *The Temper*

How should I praise thee, *Lord?* how should my rimes
Gladly ingrave thy love in steele,
If what my soule doth feele sometimes,
My soule might ever feele.

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peere above them all,
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to Hell I fall.

O rack mee not to such a vast extent,
Those distances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too bigg for mee.

Wilt thou meet armes with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumme of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great *God* measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let mee,when thy roofe my soule hath hid,
O let mee roost and nestle there.
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and feare.

Yet take thy way, for sure thy way is best,
Stretch or contract mee, thy poore debter:
This is but tuning of my brest
To make the musick better.

Whither I fly with Angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there:
Thy powre and love, my love and trust
Make one place ev'ry-where.

¶ *The Temper*

It cannot be.Where is that mightie ioy,
Which iust now tooke up all my heart?
Lord, if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that; and mee, or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and race,
And every day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chaire of grace, that all my powres
May also fix their reverence:
For when thou dost depart from hence
They grow unruly, and sitt in thy bowres.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move,
Let not thy higher court remove,
But keep a standing Maiesty in mee.

ℑ *Jordan*

Who sayes that fictions onely and false haire
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding staire?
May no lines passe except they doe their duty,
Not to a true but painted chaire?

Is it no verse except inchanted groves
And suddaine arbours shaddow course-spunne lines?
Must purling streames refresh a lovers loves?
Must all be vaild, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shephards are honest people, let them sing
Riddle who list for mee, and pull for prime:
I envie no mans nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish mee with losse of time,
Who plainely say, My *God*, My *King*.

¶ *Employment*

If as a flowre doth sprid and dy,
Thou would'st extend mee to some good,
Before I were by frosts extremity
Nipt in the bud.

The sweetnes and the praise were thine,
But the extension and the roome,
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
At thy great doome.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
The greater shall our glory bee.
The measure of our ioyes is in this place,
The stuffe with thee.

Let mee not languish then, and spend
A life as barren to thy praise,
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
But with delayes.

All things are busy, onely I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chaine,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord place mee in thy consort: give one straine
To my poore reed.

¶ *The H. Scriptures*

I

Oh Booke! infinite sweetnes! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gaine,
Precious for any greif in any part
To cleere the brest, to mollify all paine.
Thou art all health, health, thriving till it make
A full æternity: thou art a masse
Of strange delights, where we may wish & take.
Ladies looke here; this is the thankefull glasse,
That mends the lookers eies: this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can indeere
Thy prayse too much? thou art heavens lidger here,
Working against the states of Death and Hell.
Thou art ioys handsell, heaven lyes flat in thee,
Subiect to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

II

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory;
Seeing not onely; how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.
This verse marks that, and both doe make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves of doth ly.
Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some *Christians* destiny.
Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words doe find mee out, & parallels bring,
And in another make mee understood.
Starres are poore bookes, & oftentimes doe misse:
This booke of starres lights to eternall blisse.

¶ *Whitsunday*

Listen sweet Dove unto my song,
And spred thy golden wings in mee,
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it gett wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Apostles? thou didst then
Keepe open house, richly attended,
Feasting all commers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious guifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heaven appeare,
The starres were comming downe to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve heere.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung downe his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cutt and martyred by the fault
Of those, who did themselves through their side wound,

Thou shut'st the dore, and keep'st within,
Scarce a good ioy creeps through the chinke.
And if the braves of conquering sinne
Did not excite thee, wee should wholy sinke.

Lord though wee change, thou art the same,
The same sweet *God* of love and light.
Restore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ *Grace*

My stock lyes dead, and no encrease
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the sunne should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove;
Thy workes Nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a moule,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace worke too, and on my soule
Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardnes, void of love:
Let supling grace to crosse his art
Drop from above.

O come: for thou dost know the way:
Or if to mee thou wilt not move,
Remove mee,where I need not say,
Drop from above.

¶ *Praise*

To write a verse or two is all the praise,
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any waies,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to *Church;* helpe me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or if I mount unto the sky,
I will doe more.

Man is all weaknes; there is no such thing
As Prince or King:
His arme is short; yet with a sling
He may doe more.

An herbe destild, and drunk, may dwell next dore
On the same flore
To a brave soule: Exalt the poore,
They can doe more.

O raise mee then. Poore bees, that work all day
Sting my delay,
Who have a worke as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ *Affliction*

Kill mee not ev'ry day,
Thou *Lord* of Life; since thy one Death for mee
Is more, then all my deaths can bee,
Though I in broken pay
Dy over each houre of *Methusalems* stay.

If all mens teares were let
Into one common sewer, sea and brine,
What were they all compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were sett,
They would discolor thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my greif alone,
Thou *Lord* conceale it not: and as thou art
All my delight; so all my smart
Thy crosse tooke up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future mone.

¶ *Mattens*

I cannot ope mine eies,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-soule and sacrifice.
Then wee must needs for that day make a match.

My *God*, what is a heart,
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainebow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My *God*, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so ey, and woe,
Powring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou had'st nothing els to doe?

Indeed Mans whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they bee.

Teach mee thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show,
Then by a sunne-beame I will climb to thee.

¶ *Sinne*

O that I could a sinne once see.
We paint the Divel foule, yet he
Hath some good in him all agree.
Sinne is flat opposite to th'Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of virtue, and of beeing.

But *God* more care of us hath had:
If apparitions make us sadd,
By sight of sinne we should grow madd,
Yet as in sleepe we see foule death and live:
So Divels are our sinnes in perspective.

¶ *Even-song*

Blest be the *God* of Love,
Who gave mee eies, and light, and powre this day,
Both to be busy, and to play.
But much more blest be *God* above.
Who gave mee sight alone,
Which to himselfe he did deny:
For when he sees my waies, I dy:
But I have gott his sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes favor did begett?
I ranne, but all I brought,was fome.
Thy diet, care, and cost
Doe end in bubles, balls of winde,
Of wind to thee,whom I have crost,
But balls of wildfire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darknes closest weary eyes,
Saying to Man it doth suffice:
Henceforth repose: your work is done.
Thus in thy ebony boxe
Thou dost inclose us till the day,
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disordered clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th'harbour.
That is the walk, and this the arbour.
Or that the garden, this the grove.
My *God*, thou art all love.
Not one poore minute scapes thy brest,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love more then in bed I rest.

¶ *Church-monuments*

While that my soule repaires to her devotion,
Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heape of dust,
To which the blast of Deaths incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My body to this schoole, that it may learne
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines.
Which dissolution sure doth best discerne,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at Jet, and Marble put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoile the meeting. What shall point out them
When they shall bow, and kneele, and fall downe flat
To kisse those heapes, which now they have in trust?
Deare flesh, while I doe pray, learne here thy stemme
And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fatt,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou maist know,
That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust,
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou maist fitt thy self against thy fall.

¶ *Church-musique*

Sweetest of sweets, I thanke you. When displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind:
You tooke mee thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging mee assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Rising and falling with your wings:
Wee both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, *God* help poore Kings.

Comfort, I'le dy; for if you post from mee,
Sure I shall doe so, and much more:
But if I travaile in your company,
You know the way to heavens dore.

¶

Mary

Anagr:

Army

How well her Name an Army doth present,
In whom the *Lord of Hosts* did pitch his tent?

¶ *Church-lock and key*

I know it is my sinne, which locks thine eares,
And binds thy hands
Out-crying my requests, drowning my teares;
Or els the chilnes of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire.
And mend it still:
So I doe lay the want of my desire;
Not on my sinnes, or coldnes, but thy will.

Yet heare, O *God,* onely for his bloods sake
Which pleads for mee;
For though sinnes plead too, yet like stones they make
His bloods sweet current much more lowd to bee.

¶ *The Church-floore*

Mark you the floore? that square and speckel'd stone,
Which lookes so firme and strong,
Is *Patience.*

And th'other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humility.

The gentle rising, which on either hand,
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence.*

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity,*

Hither sometimes *Sinne* steales, and staines
The Marbles neat, and curious vaines:
But all is cleansed, when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,

Blows all the dust about the floore;
But while he thinkes to spoile the roome, he sweeps.
Blest be the *Architect,* whose art
Could build so strong in a weake heart.

¶ *The Windowes*

Lord, how can Man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glasse:
Yet in thy *Temple* thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneale in glasse thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy Preachers; then the light and glory
More reverend grows, & more doth win:
Which els shows watrish, bleake, & thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaming thing,
And in the eare, not conscience ring.

¶ *Trinity Sunday*

Lord who hast form'd mee out of mudd,
And hast redeem'd mee through thy blood,
And sanctified mee to doe good,
Purge all my sins done heretofore;
For I confesse my heavy score,
And I will strive to sinne no more.
Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in mee,
With faith, with hope, with charitie;
That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

¶ *Content*

Peace muttring thoughts, and doe no grudge to keep
Within the walls of your owne brest:
Who cannot on his owne bed sweetly sleep,
Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
Of an untrained hope, or passion:
To court each place, or fortune, that doth fall,
Is wantonnes in contemplation.

Marke, how the fire in flints doth quiet ly,
Content and warme to it self alone:
But when it would appeare to others eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give mee the plyant mind, whose gentle measure
Complyes, and suits with all estates:
Which can let loose to a crowne; and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloisters gates.

This soule doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the center:
Where in each roome of the well furnisht tent
He lyes warme, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine daies wonder,
And after Death, the fumes, that spring
From private bodies, make as bigge a thunder,
As those which rise from a huge King.

Onely thy *Chronicle* is lost, and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and frett
Thy Name in bookes, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou felst alone,
Are chawd by others pens and tongue,
And as their witt is, their digestion,
Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong.

Then cease, discoursing soule, till thine owne ground
Doe not thy selfe or freinds importune:
He, that by seeking hath himselfe once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ *The Quiddity*

My *God*, a verse is not a crowne,
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawke, or banquet, or renowne,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in France or Spaine,
Nor can it entertaine the day
With my great stable or demaine.

It is no office, art or news,
Nor the exchange, or busy hall;
But it is that, which while I use
I am with thee, and most take all.

¶ *Humility*

I saw the Vertues sitting hand in hand
In severall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the Beasts and Foule by their commande
Presented tokens of submission.
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the Beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angry *Lyon* did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
The fearefull Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to *Fortitude*.
The jealous Turkey brought his corall chaine;
That went to *Temperance*.
On *Justice* was bestowed the *Foxes* braine,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave guift, each one began to fume
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: which when the Beasts espied,
They lept upon the throne,
And if the *Fox* had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weepe so fast, that the teares trickling downe
Spoil'd all the traine: then saying, here it is
For which yee wrangle, made them turne their frowne
Against the *Beasts:* so jointly banding,
They drive them soone away;
And then amerc'd them double guifts to bring
At the next *Session*-day.

¶ *Frailty*

Lord, in my silence, how doe I despise
What upon trust
Is styled honor, riches, or faire eyes;
But is faire dust!
I surname them guilded clay,
Deare earth, fine grasse or hay;
In all, I think, my foot doth ever tred
Upon their head.

But when I view abroade both regiments;
The worlds, and thine,
Thine clad with simplenes, and sad events,
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds,
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eies.

O brooke not this, least if what even now
My foot did tred,
Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow,
And long since wed
My poore soule, even sick of love
It may a *Babel* prove
Commodious to conquer heaven and thee
Planted in mee.

¶ *Constancy*

Who is the honest Man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To *God*, his *Neighbour*, and *himselfe* most true:
Whom neither force, nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose Honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering looke it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trott,
While the *world* now rides by, now lags behind.

Who when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shunnes them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example waigh:
All being brought into a summe,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work, or wooe
To use in any thing a trick or sleyt;
For above all things he abhorres deceits:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and strait.

Who never melts or thawes
At close Tentations: when the day is done
His goodnes setts not, but in dark can runne:
The sunne to others writeth Laws;
And is their vertue; vertue is his sonne.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those, whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others faults doe not defeat,
But though men faile him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To wryth his limbes and there not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

ℑ *Affliction*

My heart did heave, and there came forth, O *God!*
By that I knew that thou wast in the greife,
To guide and governe it to my releife,
Making a scepter of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave mee both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some yeares with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring mee sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was greif, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to bee
A point of honour now to greive in mee,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one crosse,
Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy losse.

¶ *The Starre*

Bright sparke shott from a brighter place,
Where beames surround my *Saviours* face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debter,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-worke burne to dust
Folly, and worse then folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from sinne and siknes,
Touch it with thy celestial quicknes,
That it may hang, and move
After thy Love.

Then with our *Trinity* of light,
Motion and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place,where thou
Before didst bow.

Gett mee a standing there, and place
Among the beames,which crowne the face
Of him,who dyed to part
Sinne and my hart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curle, and wind, as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining mee
To fly home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beames
And garland-streames.

¶ *Sunday*

Oh day most calme, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud:
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Freind, and with his blood.
The couch of time; cares balme and bay.
The weeke were dark, but for thy light.
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other daies and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow.
The workydaies are the back-part,
The burden of the weeke lyes there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appeare.

Man had strait forward gone
To endles death: but thou dost pull
And turne us round to looke on one,
Whom, if wee were not very dull,
Wee could not chuse but looke on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,
On which heavens palace arched lyes:
The other daies fill up the spare
And hollow roome with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In *Gods* rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The *Sundayes* of mans life,
Threaded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorne the wife
Of the eternal glorious *King*.
On Sunday Heavens gate stands ope
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

This day my *Saviour* rose,
And did inclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder misse.
Christ hath tooke in this peice of ground,
And made a garden there for those,
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great *Redeemer* did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th'earth and all things with it move.
As *Sampson* bore the dores away,
Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did un-hinge that day.

The brightnes of that day
Wee sullied by our foule offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away
Having a new, at his expence,
Whose drops of blood payed the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fitt for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the weekedaies traile on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let mee take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that wee both, being tost from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

¶ *Avarice*

Mony, thou bane of blisse, & source of woe,
  Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
  I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poore and durty in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
  To this great Kingdome, which thou now hast gott,
  That he was faine, when thou wert destitute
To digge thee out of thy darke cave and grott:

Then forcing thee by fire he made thee bright,
  Nay, thou hast gott the face of man: for wee
  Have with our stamp and seale transferr'd our right,
Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

  Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich,
  And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

¶ *To all Angels and Saints*

  Oh glorious spirits, who after all your bands
  See the smooth face of *God* without a frowne,
    Or strict commands:
  Where every one is King, and hath his crowne,
  If not upon his head, yet in his hands.

  Not out of envy or maliciousnes
  Doe I forbeare to crave your speciall ayd:
    I would addresse

My vows to thee most gladly, *Blessed Mayd,*
And *Mother* of my *God,* in my distresse.

Thou art the holy mine,whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old:
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay,
Cheifly to thee would I my soule unfold.

But now, alas, I dare not: for our King,
Whom wee doe all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
'Tis your owne case ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative and a flowre
Of his rich crowne, from whom lyes no appeale
At the last howre.
Therefore we dare not from his garland steale
To make a posy for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know,
What's done on earth,we shall not fare the worse,
Who doe not so:
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our *Masters* hand can show.

¶ *Imployment*

He, that is weary, let him sitt.
My soule would stirre
And trade in curtesies and witt,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no starre, but a quick coale
Of mortall fire,
Who blows it not, nor doth controule
A faint desire,
Lets his owne ashes choke his soule.

When th'elements did for place contest
With him,whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best:
The earth satt still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a busines, not good cheere,
Ever in warres.
The sunne still shineth there or here,
Whereas the starres
Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an orenge tree,
That busy plant,
Then should I ever laden bee,
And never want
Some fruit for him, that dressed mee.

But wee are still too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we doe our wares unfold.
So wee freeze on,
Untill the grave increase our cold.

ℑ *Deniall*

When my devotions could not peirce
Thy silent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse:
My brest was full of feares
And disorder.

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder.
Each tooke his way, some would to pleasures goe.
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarmes.

As good goe any where, they say,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my *God,* O come,
But no hearing.

Oh that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not heare it crying: all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soule lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to looke right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O cheere and tune my hartles brest,
Deferre no time.
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rime.

¶ *Christmas*

All after pleasures as I ridd one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd body and mind,
With full cry of affections, quite astray,
I tooke up in the next inn I could find.

There when I came,whom found I, but my deare,
My dearest *Lord,* expecting till the greif
Of pleasures brought mee to him, ready there
To be all passengers most sweet releif.

Oh Thou,whose glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a manger,
Since my darke soule and brutish is thy right,
To man of all beasts be not thou a stranger:

Furnish & deck my soule, that thou mayst have
A better lodging, then a rack, or grave.

ℊ

The shepeards sing; and shall I silent bee?
My *God,* no hymne for thee?
My soule's a shepheard too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.
The Pasture is thy word: the streames, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepheard and flock shall sing, and all my powres
Out-sing the day-light houres.
Then wee will chide the sunne for letting night
Take up his place and right.
Wee sing one common *Lord:* wherefore he shold
Himselfe the candle hold.
I will goe searching, till I find a sunne
Shall stay till wee have done:
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
As frostnipt sunnes looke sadly.
Then wee will sing, and shine all our owne day,
And one another pay.
His beames shall cheare my brest: and both so twine,
Till even his beames sing, and my musick shine.

¶ *Ungratefulnes*

Lord with what bounty and rare clemency
Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave?
If thou hadst let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,
And thought his *God* most brave:
Where now wee shall be better *Gods* then he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets, full of treasure,
The *Trinity,* and *Incarnation:*
Thou hast unlock'd them both,
And made them jewells to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thy selfe in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the *Trinity,*
Whose sparkling light accesse denies:
Therefore thou dost not show
This fully to us, till death blow
The dust into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy sweets are packd up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow.
That as the first afrights,
This may allures us with delights;
Because this bone wee know;
For wee have all of us just such another.

But Man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee:
When thou demandest but a hart,
He cavils instantlie.
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their boxe apart,
Defrauding thee,who gavest two for one.

¶ *Sighes and Grones*

O doe not use mee
After my sinnes; looke not on my desert,
But on thy glory: then thou wilt reforme
And not refuse mee: for thou onely art
The mighty *God*, but I a silly worme;
O doe not bruise mee.

O doe not urge mee!
For what account can thy ill steward make.
I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy magazins: my head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods.
O do not scourge mee.

O doe not blind mee!
I have deserv'd that an *Egyptian* night
Should thicken all my powers: because my lust
Hath still sow'd figleaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already dust.
O doe not grind mee.

O doe not fill mee!
With the turn'd viol of thy bitter wrath:
For thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my *Saviour* emptied hath
Even unto death: since he dy'd for my good,
O doe not kill mee.

But O repreive mee.
For thou hast life and death at thy commande:
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour, feast* and *rod*,
Cordial and *Corrosive:* put not thy hand
Into the bitter box, but O my *God*,
My *God*, releive mee.

¶ *The World*

Love built a stately house, where fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same:
But wisedome quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who liking not the fashion,
Began to make Balcones, Terrases,
Till she had weakned all by Alteration:
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sinne,* and with that sycomore,
Whose leaves first shelterd man from drought & dew,
Working and winding slyly evermore,
The inward walls and sommers cleft and tore.
But grace shor'd these, and cut that, as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combin'd with death in a firme band
To raze the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But *Love* and *Grace* tooke *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver palace then before.

Coloss: 3. 3.

¶ *Our life is hid with Christ in God*

My words & thoughts doe both expresse this notion,
That *Life* hath with the sunne a double motion.
The first *is* strait, and our diurnal freind,
The other *hid,* and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt *in* flesh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *Him,* whose happy birth
Taught mee to live here so, *That* still one eye
Should ayme and shoot at that, which *Is* on high:
Quitting with dayly labour all *My* pleasure,
To gaine at harvest an eternall *Treasure.*

¶ *Vanity*

The fleet *Astronomer* can bore,
And thred the spheres with his quick-peircing mind:
He veiws their stations, walks from dore to dore,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: hee sees their dances,
And knoweth long before,
Both their full ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble *Diver* with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearely-earned pearle, which *God* did hide
On purpose from the ventrous wretch:
That he might save his life, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her owne destruction, and his danger weares.

The subtle *Chymick* can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest;
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bedchamber, before
They appeare trimme and drest
To ordinary suitors at the dore.

What hath not Man wrought out and found,
But his deare God,who yet his glorious law
Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
With showres and frosts,with love & awe:
So that wee need not say, Where's this commande.
Poore Man, thou searchest round
To find out Death, but missest life at hand.

¶ *Lent*

Welcome deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee.
He loves not *Temperance,* or *Authoritie,*
But is compos'd of passion.
The Scriptures bid us *fast,* the *Church* sayes now,
Give to thy *Mother,* what thou would'st allow
To ev'ry Corporation,

The humble soule compos'd of love and feare
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines disagree.
He says, in things which use hath justly gott,
I am a scandle to the *Church,* and not
The *Church* is so to mee.

True *Christians* should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable.
Unlesse *Authority*, which should encrease
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And powre it selfe disable.

Besides the cleannes of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expence,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulnes there are sluttish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rhumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the spring
And *Easter* intimate, inlarge the thing,
And goodnes of the deed:
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoile the good use, least by that argument
Wee forfett all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach *Christs* forti'th day,
Yet to goe part of that religious way,
Is better then to rest:
Wee cannot reach our Saviours purity,
Yet are wee bid, Be holy, even as he.
In both let's doe our best.

Who goeth in that way, which *Christ* hath gone.
Is much more sure to meete with him, then one
That travaileth by-waies:
Perhaps my *God*, though he be farre before.
May turne, and take mee by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet *Lord,* instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne and taking such repast,
As may our faults controule:
That ev'ry Man may revell at his dore,
Not in his Parlar, banquetting the Poore,
And among those his soule.

¶ *Vertue*

Sweet Day, so coole, so calme, so bright,
The Bridal of the earth and sky:
The Dew shall weepe thy fall too night;
For thou must dy.

Sweet rose,whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eie:
Thy root is ever in his grave,
And thou must dy.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A Box,where sweets compacted ly;
My Musique showes ye have your closes,
And all must dy

Onely a sweet and vertuous soule,
Like season'd timber, never gives:
But though the whole world turne to coale,
Then cheifly lives.

¶ *The Pearle*

Math. 13.

I know the waies of Learning. both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne:
What reason hath from nature borrowed,
Or of it selfe, like a good huswife, spunne
In Laws and Policie,what the starres conspire,
What willing nature speakes,what forc'd by fire.
Both th'old discoveries, and the new found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keyes.
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Honour, what maintaines
The quick returnes of Curtesie and witt:
In vyes of favours whether party gaines,
When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eie,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And beare the bundle,wheresoere it goes:
How many drammes of spirit there must bee
To sell my life unto my freinds or foes.
Yet I love thee.

I know the waies of Pleasure, the sweet straines,
The lullings and the rellishes of itt
The propositions of hott blood and braines;
What mirth and musique meane; what love and witt
Have done these twenty hundred yeares, and more:
I know the projects of unbundled store.
My stuff is flesh, not brasse; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in mee
Then he, that curbs them, being but one to five.
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand.
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand,
Both the maine sale and the commodities:
And at what rate and price I have thy love
With all the circumstances, that may move,
Yet through these labarinths, not my groveling witt,
But thy silk twist let downe from heaven to mee,
Did both conduct and teach mee, how by it
To climbe to *Thee.*

¶ *Affliction*

Broken in peices, all asunder,
Lord hunt mee not,
A thing forgott,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring pots give flowres their lives.
Nothing their fury can controule
While they doe wound and pink my soule.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performes the task of life.
The Elements ar let loose to fight,
And while I live try out their right.

Oh helpe my *God!* let not their plott
Kill them and mee,
And also thee,
Who art my life. Dissolve the knot,
As the sunne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powres, which work for greif,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my releif,
With care and courage building mee,
Till I reach heaven, and much more, *Thee.*

¶ *Man*

My *God,* I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that meanes to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there bin,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a Tree, yet beares no fruit;
A Beast, yet is, or should be more;
Reason and speach wee onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They goe upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limme to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the furthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moones and tides.

Nothing hath gott so farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre.
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh; because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds doe blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountaines flow.
Nothing wee see, but meanes our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is, either our cubbord of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed,
Night draws the curtaine, which the *sunne* withdraws,
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being: to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation,
Distinguished our habitation:
Below our drink, above our meat;
Both are our cleanelines; hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on man,
Then hee'le take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treds downe that which doth befreind him,
When sicknes makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty Love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my *God*, thou hast
So brave a Palace built, o dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last.
Till then, afford us so much witt;
That, as the *world* serve us, wee may serve thee,
And both thy servants bee.

ℑ *Antiphon*

Chor. Praysed be the *God* of Love,
Men. Here below.
Angels. And here above.
Cho: Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang: To his freind,
Men: And to his foe.

Cho: That both grace and glorie tend
Ang: Us of old,
Men. And us in th'end.
Cho: The great *shepheard* of the fold
Ang: Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Cho: He our foes in peices brake,
Ang: Him wee touch;
Men. And him wee take.
Cho: Wherefore since that he is such,
Ang. Wee adore,
Men. And wee do crouch.

Cho: *Lord* thy prayses should bee more.
Men. Wee have none,
Ang. And wee no store.
Cho: Praysed be the *God* alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

¶ *Unkindnes*

Lord, make mee coy and tender to offend:
In freindship first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my freinds intent and end.
I would not use a freind, as I use thee.

If any touch my freind, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spott or thought of blame.
I could not use a freind, as I use Thee.

My freind may spitt upon my curious floore;
Would he have gold, I lend it instantlie.
But let the poore,
And thou within them starve at doore:
I cannot use a freind, as I use Thee.

When that my freind pretendeth to a place,
I quitt my interest, and leave it free:
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee displace,
Nor would I use a freind, as I use Thee.

Yet can a freind what thou hast done fulfill?
O write in brasse, *My God upon a Tree*
His Blood did spill
Onely to purchase my good-will.
Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.

¶ *Life*

I made a posy, while the day ranne by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and ty
My life within this band.
But Time did becken to the flowres, and they
By Noone most cunningly did steale away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I tooke without more thinking in good part
Times gentle admonition:
Who did so sweetly deaths sad tast convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatall day;
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell deare flowres, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fitt, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures:
I follow strait without complaints or greif,
Since if my sent be good, I care not, if
It be as short, as yours.

¶ *Submission*

But that thou art my wisedome, Lord,
And both mine eies are thine:
My mind would be extreamely stir'd
For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and powre on mee?
Then should thy praises with mee grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and greive,
I doe resume my sight,
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st mee raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praise
Doe not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my guift I stand;
I will no more advize:
Onely doe thou lend mee a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eies.

¶ *Justice*

I cannot skill of these thy waies.
Lord, thou didst make mee, yet thou woundest mee.
Lord, thou dost wound mee, yet thou dost releive mee.
Lord, thou releivest, yet I dy by thee,
Lord, thou dost kill mee, yet thou dost repreive mee.
But when I marke my life and praise,
Thy *Justice* mee most fittly paies:
For I doe praise thee, yet I praise thee not;
My praiers meane thee, and yet my praiers stray:
I would doe well, yet sinne the hand hath gott:
My soule doth love thee yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my waies.

¶ *Charmes and Knots*

Who read a chapter, when they rise,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eies.

A *poore* mans rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon, and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold:
Who opens it hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and does not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th'head of others, hitt their owne.

Who lookes on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himselfe there, and seeks to rise.

When th'haire is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remaines?
Ten still, if sermons goe for gaines.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show;
But who drinks one to hell may goe.

¶ *Affliction*

My *God*, I red this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firme,
As was and is thy floting *Arke*, whose stay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirme
And strengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves doe rise, and tempests rage.

At first we liv'd in pleasure,
Thine owne delights thou didst to us impart:
When wee grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
To make us thine: yet that wee might not part,
As wee at first did boord with thee,
Now thou wouldst tast our miserie.

There is but joy and greif;
If either will convert us,wee are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our releif
Take up the second, then thy double line
And severall baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours,
Wee are the trees,whom shaking fastens more:
While blustring winds destroy the wanton bowres,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My *God,* so temper joy and woe,
That thy bright beames may tame thy bow.

¶ *Mortification*

How soone doth Man decay?
When cloths are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants,whose yong breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding sheets,
Which do consigne and send them unto Death.

When boyes goe first to bed,
They step into their voluntarie graves,
Sleepe binds them fast: onely their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights like rowling waves,
Convey them quickly,who are bound for death.

When Youth is frank and free,
And calls for musique while his veines doe swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie:
That musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befreind him at the house of death.

When Man grows stayd and wise,
Getting a house and home,where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eies;
That dumbe inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weake,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry yeere,
Till all doe melt, and drowne his breath,
When he would speake;
A chaire or litter shows the beere,
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity
And drest his herse,while he has breath
As yet to spare:
Yet *Lord,* instruct us so to dy,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

¶ *Decay*

Sweet were the daies,when thou didst lodge with *Lot,*
Struggle with *Jacob,* sitt with *Gideon,*
Advize with *Abraham,*when thy powre could not
Encounter *Moses* strong complaints and mone.
Thy words were then, *Let mee alone.*

One might have sought and found thee presently
At some faire oke, or bush, or cave, or well:
Is my *God* this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as wee heard tell:
List, ye may heare great *Aarons* bell.

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both *Sinne* and *Satan,* thy old foes,
Doe pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gaine thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old,when as the heat
Of thy great love once spred, as in an urne,
Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
Cold sinne still forcing it, till it returne,
And calling *Justice,* all things burne.

¶ *Misery*

Lord, let the angels praise thy name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
Folly and sinne play all his game.
His house still burnes, and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but grasse,
He knows it, fill the glasse.

How canst thou brooke his foolishnes?
Why heele not loose a cup of drinke for thee:
Bid him but temper his excesse;
Not he: he knows,where he can better bee,
As he will sweare,
Then to serve thee in feare.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his owne? as if none knew, but he.
No man shall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtaines drawne canst see.
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turne but thy hand
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne:
They would not have their actions scand,
Nor any sorrow tell them, that they sinne,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrell thee, and would give over
The bargaine made to serve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild dove,
Not suffering those,
Who would, to bee thy foes.

My *God,* Man cannot praise thy name.
Thou art All brightnes, perfect purity,
The sunne holds downe his head for shame,
Dead with ecclipses,when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection?

As durty hands foule all they touch,
And those things most,which are most pure and fine:
So our clay hearts, even when wee crouch
To sing thy praises, make them lesse divine:
Yet either this,
Or none, thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee: let him goe,
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this vertue, no:
Give him his durt to wallow in, all night
These preachers make
His head to shute and ake.

Oh foolish man, where are thine eies?
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares?
Thou pul'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of starres.
There let them shine,
Thou must goe sleepe, or dine.

The bird, that sees a dainty bowre
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sitt,
Wonders and sings, but not his powre
Who made the arbour: this exceeds her witt.
But man doth know
The spring, whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours raigne;
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of *God* to runne in vaine.
Ah wretch, what verse
Can thy strange waies reherse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posy was, *My pleasure.*
He was a garden in a Paradise.
Glorie and grace
Did crowne his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lumpe of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to a glimpse of blisse:
A sick tost vessell, dashing on each thing,
Nay, his owne shelf.
My *God* I meane my self.

¶ Jordan

When first my lines of heavenly joyes made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
That I sought out quaint words, and trimme invention,
My thoughhts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plaine intention,
Decking the sence as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my braine did runne,
Offring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begunne.
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seeme too rich to clothe the sunne,
Much lesse those joyes,which trample on his head.

As flames doe worke and wind,when they ascend:
So did I weave my self into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might heare a freind
Whisper, How wide is all this long pretence;
There is in love a sweetnes ready penn'd:
Coppy out onely that, and save expence.

¶ Prayer

Of what an easy quick accesse,
My blessed *Lord,* art thou? how suddenly
May our requests thine eare invade?
To shew that state dislikes not easines.
If I but lift mine eies, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not heare, then thou canst dy.

Of what supreme almighty powre
Is thy great arme, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere.
By it doe all things live their measurd houre:
We cannot ask the thing, which is not there,
Blaming the shallownes of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possest, who, when thou couldst not dy,
Wert faine to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sinne reprove,
That by destroying that, which tyed thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberality.

Since then these three wait on thy *throne,*
Ease Power, and *Love;* I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all shold goe.
I and deare prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gaine for each inch lost, an ell.

¶ *Obedience*

My *God,* if writings may
Convey a Lordship any waies
Whither the buyer and the seller please;
Let it not thee displease,
If this poore paper doe as much, as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To passe it self, and all it hath to thee.
To which I doe agree,
And here present it, as my special deed.

If that hereafter pleasure
Cavill, and claime her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

Oh let thy sacred will
All thy delight in mee fulfill.
Let mee not think an action mine owne way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?
Yet since thou canst not chuse, but see my actions,
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides thy death and blood
Showd a strange love to all our good,
Thy sorrows were in earnest: no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what wee might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgoe,
To one word onely I say, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a guift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchase goe.

He, that will passe his land,
As I have mine, may sett his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath red,
And make the purchase spred
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines? till in heavens court of rolls
They were by winged soules
Enterd for both, farre above their desert.

¶ *Conscience*

Peace *Pratier,* doe not lowre.
Not a faire looke but thou dost call it foule.
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre.
Musik to thee doth howle.
By listning to thy chatting feares
I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratier, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseles sphere
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No roome for pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receit shall bee
My *Saviours* blood: when ever at his boord
I doe but tast it, strait it clenseth mee
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a tooth or naile to scratch,
And at my actions carpe or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physique, know there's some for thee:
Some wood and nailes to make a staff or bill
For those, that trouble mee:
The bloody crosse of my deare *Lord*
Is both my physique and my sword.

¶ *Sion*

Lord, with what glory wast thou serv'd of old,
When *Solomons Temple* stood and flourished,
Where most things were of purest gold,
The wood was all embellished
With flowres and carvings, mysticall and rare,
All show'd the builders, crav'd the seeers care.

Yet all this glory, all this pompe and state
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aime,
Something there was, that sow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quit'st thy ancient claime.
And now thy Architecture meets with sinne;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art strugling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great *God* doth fight, he doth submitt.
All *Solomons* sea of Brasse and world of stone
Is not so deare to thee, as one good grone.

And truely brasse and stones are heavy things,
Tombes for the dead, not Temples fitt for thee;
But grones are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward bee;
And ever as they mount like larks, they sing,
The note is sad, yet musique for a *King*.

¶ *Home*

Come *Lord,* my head doth burne, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound mee to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O shew thy selfe to mee,
Or take mee up to thee.

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didst wast?
When I behold it trickling downe thy face,
I never saw thing make such hast.
O show thy &c.

When Man was lost, thy pitty lookt about
To see what helpe in th'earth or sky:
But there was none: at least no helpe without:
The helpe did in thy bosome ly.
O show thy &c.

There lay thy sonne, and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetnes, to remove
Thraldome from those, who would not at a feast,
Leave one poor apple for thy love.
O show thy &c.

He did, he came. O my *Redeemer* deare,
After all this canst thou be strange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare?
As if thy love could faile or change.
O show thy &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My *God*, what is this world to mee?
This world of woe? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I must gett up and see.
O show thy &c.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chaines us by the teeth so fast?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blacknes and distaste?
O shew thy &c.

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th'other day
I blasted all the Joyes about mee:
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come againe, sayd I, and flout mee.
O show thy *&c.*

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so-e're I looke, I see.
Some may dreame merrily, but when they wake,
They dresse themselves, and come to thee.
O show thy *&c.*

Wee talk of harvests, there are no such things,
But when wee leave our corne and hay:
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
O show thy *&c.*

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man unty,
That my free soule may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an intangled, hamperd thing.
O show thy *&c.*

What have I left, that I should stay and grone,
The most of mee to heaven is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all pack'd up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show thy *&c,*

Come dearest *Lord;* passe not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts doe pray:
And even my verse, when by the rime and reason
The word is, *Stay,* sayes ever, *Come.*
O show thy selfe to mee,
Or take mee up to thee.

¶ *The British Church*

I joy, deare *Mother,* when I veiw
Thy perfect lineaments and hue
Both sweet and bright.
Beauty in thee takes up the place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fitt array,
Neither too meane, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best.
Outlandish lookes may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or els undrest.

She on the Hills, which wantonlie
Allureth all in hope to bee
By her preferd,
Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That even her face by kissing shines
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
Of dressing, that her her haire doth ly
About her eares:
While she avoyds her neighbours pride,
She wholy goes on th'other side,
And nothing weares.

But Dearest *Mother,* what those misse,
The meane, thy praise and glory is,
And long may bee.
Blessed be *God,* whose Love it was
To double-mote thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ *The Quipp*

The merry world did on a day
With his traine-bands, and mates agree
To meet together,where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at mee.

First beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckd not, Sir, said shee,
Tell mee, I pray,whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answeare, *Lord*, for mee.

Then Mony came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poore man? said he:
I heard in Musick you had skill.
But thou shalt answere, *Lord,* for mee.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In silks, that whistled,who but he:
Hee scarce allow'd me halfe an ey.
But thou shalt answere, *Lord,* for mee.

Then came quick witt and conversation,
And he would needs a comfort bee,
And to be short make an oration.
But thou shalt answere, *Lord,* for mee.

Yet when the houre of thy designe
To answere these fine things shall come;
Speake not at large; say, I am thine.
And then they have their answere home.

¶ *Vanity*

Poore silly soule, whose hope and head lyes low,
Whose flatt delights on earth doe creep and grow;
To whom the starres shine not so faire as eies;
Nor solid work, as false embroderies,
Heark and beware, least what you now doe measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O heare betimes, least thy relenting
May come to late.
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate,
If soules be made of earthly mold,
Let them love gold.
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regaine their auncient nest.
Then silly soule take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ *The Dawning*

Awake, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drownes,
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gathered into frownes:
Thy *Saviour* comes, and with him mirth.
Awake, Awake,
And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
And feele his death, but not his victory.

Arise sad heart. If thou dost not witstand,
Christs resurrection thine may bee.
Doe not by hanging downe breake from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee.
Arise, Arise.
And with his burial-linnen dry thine eyes.
Christ left his grave-cloths, that we might, when greif
Draws teares, or blood, not want an handkercheif.

¶ *Jesu*

Jesu is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th'other weeke
A great Affliction broke the little frame
Even all to peeces, which I went to seeke.
And first I found the corner, where was, *J*,
After, where, *E s*, and next where, *U*, was graved.
When I had gott these parcels, instantly
I satt mee downe to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart, he was, I ease you,
And to my whole is *Jesu*.

¶ *Busines*

Canst be idle? canst thou play?
Foolish soule, who sinn'd to day?

Rivers runne, and springs each one
Know their home, and gett them gone.
Hast thou teares, or hast thou none?

If poore soule, thou hast no teares,
Would thou hadst no faults or feares.
Who hath these, those ill forbeares.

Winds still work: it is their plott,
Be the season cold, or hott.
Hast thou sighes, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or grones,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones.
Lesser paines scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle bee,
Foolish soule, who dyed for thee?

Who did leave his *Fathers* throne
To assume thy flesh and bone,
Had he life or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst dyed most wretchedlie,
And two deaths had bin thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plott,
That his owne selfe he forgott.
Did he dy, or did he not?

If he had not dyed for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie.
Two lives worse then tenne deaths bee.

And hath any space of breath
Twixt his sinnes, and *Saviours* death?

He, that looseth gold, though drosse,
Tells to all, he meets his Crosse:
He, that sinnes, hath he no losse?

He, that finds a silver-vaine
Thinks on it, and thinks againe.
Brings thy *Saviours* death no gaine?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither sinne, nor *Saviour* feels.

¶ *Dialogue*

Sweetest *Saviour,* if my soule
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controule
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and paines
Cannot give the name of gaines
To thy wretch so full of staines,
What delight or hope remaines?

What child is the ballance thine,
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say thou shalt be mine
Finger not my treasure.
What the gaines in having thee
Do amount to, onely hee,
Who for man was sold, can see;
That transferr'd th'accounts to mee.

But as I can see no merrit,
Leading to this favour:
So the way to fitt mee for it
Is beyond my savour.
As the reason then is thine:
So the way is none of mine:
I disclaime the whole designe,
Sinne disclaimes and I resigne.

That is all, if that I could
Gett without repining,
And my clay, my creature would
Follow my resigning.
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joyes to feele all smart----
Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.

¶ *Dulnes*

Why doe I languish thus drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth.
Oh give me quicknes, that I may with mirth
Prayse thee brim-full.

The wanton lover in a curious straine
Can praise his fairest faire;
And with quaint metaphors her curled haire
Curle o're againe.

Thou art my lovelines, my life, my light
Beauty alone to mee.
Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeere,
That those thy forme doth show,
The very dust,where thou dost tred and goe,
Makes beauties heere.

Where are my lines then, my approaches, veiws
Where are my window-songs.
Lovers are still pretending, & even wrongs
Sharpen their muse.

But I am lost in flesh,whose sugred lyes
Still mock mee, and grow bold,
Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I cold
Find where it lies.

Lord cleere thy guift, that with a constant witt
I may but looke towards thee,
Looke onely: for to love thee,who can bee,
What Angel fitt?

¶ *Love-joy*

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a Vine drop graps with *J*, and *C*,
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd,what it meant; I,who am never loth,
To spend my judgement, said, it seem'd to mee
To be the body and the letters both
Of *joy* and *charity*. Sir you have not mist
The man replied; It figures *Jesus Christ*.

¶ *Providence*

O sacred Providence,who from end to end
Stongly and sweetly movest, shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not doe thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Onely to man thou hast made knowne thy waies,
And put the penne alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of thy praise.

Beasts faine would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renowne: but all their hands and throtes
Are brought to man,while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high-preist: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent
Such as springs use that fall, and winds, that blow.

He, that to praise and laud thee doth refraine,
Doth not refraine unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand,who would praise thee faine,
And doth committ a worlde of sinne in one.

The beasts say, Eat mee, but if beasts must teach
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull mee, but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most *Sacred Spirit,* I here present
For mee and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is, that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefitt accrues to mee.

Wee all aknowledge both thy powre and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine,
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy commande or thy permission
Lay hands on all: they are thy right and left.
The first puts on with speed and expedition,
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both, all must appeare,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temperest all; if wee could heare
Thy skill and art,what musique would it be?

Thou art in small things great, not small in any.
Thy eeven praise can, neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calme to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children doe their fathers
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea, even when it swells and gathers.

Thy cubbord serves the world. The meat is sett,
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net;
The great prey on the lesse: they on some weed.

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat.
Flyes have their table spred, ere they appeere.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat,
Other doe sleepe, and envie not their cheere.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checkerd with night and day:
Which as it lengthens winds and winds us in,
As bowles goe on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisedome for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender ofspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledg, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruse
Their masters flowre, but leave it, having done,
As faire, as ever, and as fitt to use;
So both the flowre doth stay, and hony runne.

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more.
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soile,
Springs vent their streames, and by expence gett store:
Clouds coole by heat and baths by cooling boile.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and stones?
Is their an herbe for that? O that thy care
Would show a root, that gives expressions.

And if an herbe hath powre,what have the starres?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure:
Doubtles our plagues and plenty, peace and warres
Are there much surer, then our art is sure.

Thou hast hidd mettalls, man may take them thence.
But at his perill, when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Even poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost,
Should creatures want for want of heed their due?
Since where ase poysons, antidotes are most:
The help stands close, and keeps the feare in veiw.

The sea,which seemes to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds,who thinke they rule the marriner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hils with health abound; the vales with store.
The South with marble; North with furres and woods.

Hard things are glorious: easy things good cheap.
The common all men have; that which is rare
Men therefore seeke to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer-fruits compare.

Light without wind is glasse: warme without weight
Is wooll and furre: coole without closenes shade.
Speed without paines, a horse, tall without height,
A servile hawke: low without losse a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them runne
For their offence; and then dost turne their speed
To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.

Nothing weares cloths, but man; nothing doth need
But he, to weare them. Nothing useth fire
But man alone, to show his heavenly breed:
And only he hath fuell in desire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wett:
When that lay gatherd, thou didst broch the mountaines:
When yet some places could no moisture gett,
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good fountaines.

Raine, doe not hurt my flowres; but gently spend
Your hony drops: presse not to smell them heere.
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appeere.

How harsh are thornes to peares, and yet they make
A better hedge and need lesse reparation.
How smoth are silks compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy guifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nutt alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can
Boat, cable, saile and needle, all in one.

Most herbs, that grow in brookes are hott and dry
Cold fruits, warme kernels help against the wind.
The lemons juice and rinde cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leape not, but expresse a feast,
Where all the guests sitt close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry, fish and flesh, bats, bird and beast,
Sponges, non-sense and sense: mines, th'earth & plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse then ours; sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move th'underejaw, the crocodile not.
Most things sleepe lying; th' elephant leanes or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay who hath any?
None can expresse thy workes, but he that knows them.
And none can know thy workes,which are so many
And so complete, but onely he, that owes them.

All things, that are, though they have several waies.
Yet in their being joine with one advise
To honour thee, and so I give thee praise
In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each thing, that is, although in use and name
It goe for one, hath many waies in store
To honour thee; and so each hymne thy fame
Extolleth many waies, yet this one more.

¶ *Hope*

I gave to Hope a watch of mine: but hee
An anchor gave to mee.
Then an old prayer-booke I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a viall, full of teares:
But he a few greene eares:
Ah loyterer, Ile no more, no more Ile bring,
I did expect a ring.

¶ *Sinnes round*

Sorry I am my *God,* sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their drawts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which spitt it forth like the Sicilian hill.
They vent the wares, and passe them with their fauts
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not,where are lewd intentions:
My hands doe joyne to finish the inventions.

My hands doe joyne to finish the inventions:
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew before there were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore to my shame,
Sorry I am, my *God,* sorry I am.

¶ *Time*

Meeting with Time, slack thing, sayd I,
Thy sith is dull, whet it for shame.
No marveil Sir, he did reply
If it at length deserve some blame:
But where one man would have mee grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp doe find it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sith a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christs comming hath made man thy detter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest:
For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at best;
Thou art a gardner now, and more,
An usher to convey our soules
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detaines us from our *God*.
Even pleasures here encrease the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place, where *God* doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs bee
Which even Eternity excludes.
Thus farre Time heard mee patientlie,
Then chafing sayd: This man deludes.
What doe I heere before his dore,
He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

¶ *Gratefulnes*

Thou that hast given so much to mee,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
See how thy begger works on thee
By art.

He makes thy guifts occasion more,
And sayes, if he in this be crost,
All thou hast given heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy dore,
Teares sullying thy transparent roomes,
Gift upon guift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, then grones can make;
But that these country-aires thy Love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry againe;
And in no quiet canst thou bee,
Till I a thankfull heart obtaine
Of thee.

Not thankefull,when it pleaseth mee,
As if thy blessings had spare dayes,
But such a heart,whose pulse may bee
Thy praise.

¶ *Peace*

Sweet Peace,where dost thou dwell, I humbly crave,
Let mee once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if peace were there.
A hollow wind did seeme to answere, No
Goe seeke elswhere.

I did; and going did a rainebow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of peaces coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I lookd, the clouds immediately
Did breake and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flowre,
The Crowne Imperiall: sure, sayd I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I dig'd, I saw a worme devoure,
What showd so well.

At length I mett a reverend good old man,
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began.
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnes did not save
His life from foes:
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many wondring at, gott some of those
To plant and sett.

It prosperd strangely, and did soone disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that tast it, doe reherse,
That vertue lyes therein,
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this graine, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnes you doe pursue,
Is onely there.

¶ *Confession*

O what a cunning guest
Is this same greif! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest,
And, like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet greif knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no peircer can
Into a peece of timber work and wind,
As *Gods* afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath design'd.
They are too suttle for the suttlest hearts
And fall like rhumes, upon the tendrest parts.

Wee are the earth: and they,
Like moules within us, heave, and cast about:
And till they foot, and clutch their prey,
They never coole, much lesse give out.
No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes.
Closets are halls to them, and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open brest
Doth shutt them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seeke some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have, but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge: take thy plagues away.
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day.
The clearest diamond, let them doe their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my brest.

ℐ Giddines

Oh what a thing is man? how farre from powre,
From setled peace and rest!
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several houre.

One while he counts of heaven as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for feare of sinne
Will loose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet: Now he scornes encrease,
Now all day spares.

He builds a house,which quickly downe must goe,
As if a whirle-wind blew
And crush'd the building; and it's partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind,
And, like a dolphins skin, his cloths combin'd
With his desires!

Surely if each one saw anothers hart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargaine passe: all would disperse,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: One creation
Will not suffice our turne.
Except thou make us dayly, we shall spurne
Our owne salvation.

¶ *The Bunch of Grapes*

Joy, I did locke thee up, but some bad man
Hath lett thee out againe.
And now, mee thinkes, I am where I began
Seven yeares agoe: one vogue and vaine,
One aire of thoughts usurps my braine.
I did towards Canaan draw, but now I am
Brought back to the Red sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by *Gods* command
Travaild, and saw no towne:
So now each *Christian* hath his journeys spand.
Their story pennes and setts us downe.
A single deed is small renowne.
Gods workes are wide, and lett in future times,
His ancient *justice* overflows our crimes.

Then have wee to our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast.
Wee have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas our murmurings come not at last.
But where's the cluster? where's the tast
Of mine inheritance? *Lord*, if I must borrow
Let mee, as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the vine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be *God*, who prosperd Noahs vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Even *God* himselfe being pressed for my sake.

¶ *Love unknowne*

Deare Freind sitt downe. The tale is long and sad.
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply, then helpe. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,
I hold for two lives, and both lives in mee.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my hart. But hee,
I sigh to say,

Look'd on a servant,who did know his eye
Better then you know mee, or (which is one)
Then I my selfe. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seized on my hart alone,
And threw it in a font,wherein did fall
A streame of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great Rock: I well remember all,
And have good cause. There it was dipt and dyed,
And wash'd, and wrung. The very wringing yet
Enforceth teares. Your hart was foule I feare.
Indeed 'tis true. I did, and doe committ
Many a fault more, then my lease will beare;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall heare. After my heart was well,
And cleane, and faire, as I one even-tide,
I sigh to tell
Walk'd by my selfe abroad, I saw a large
And spacious fornace, flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron round about whose verge
Was in great letters sett *Affliction*.
The greatnes showd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that,which I did thus present
To warme his love,which I did feare grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man,
Who was to take it from mee, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan
My heart, that brought it, doe you understand,
The offerers heart. Your heart was hard, I feare.
Indeed it's true. I found a callous matter
Began to spred and to expatiate there.
But with a richer drug, then scalding water,
I bathd it often, even with holy blood,
Which at a bord,while many drunke bare wine,
A freind did steale into my cup for good,

Even taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soone I fled
Unto my house, where to repaire the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed.
But when I thought to sleepe out all these faults,
I sigh to speake,
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say, thornes. Deare, could my heart not breake,
When with my pleasures, even my rest was gone?
Full well I understood, who had beene there:
For I had given the key to none, but one.
It must be hee. *Your heart was dull, I feare.*
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of minde
Did oft possesse mee, so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another payd,
Who tooke the debt upon him. Truely, freind,
For ought I heare, your *Master* shows to you
More favour, then you wott of. Marke the end.
The font did onely, what was old, renew:
The caldron suppled what was growne to hard:
The thornes did quicken, what was growne too dull:
All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and prayse him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the weake,
Who faine would have you be, new, tender, quick.

¶ *Mans medly*

Harke, how the Birds doe sing,
And woods doe ring.
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.
Yet if wee rightly measure
Mans joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, then in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence.
In th'other Angels have a right by birth:
Man tyes them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th'one hand touching heaven, with th'other earth.

In soule he mounts and flyes;
In flesh he dyes.
He weares a stuff, whose thred is course and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not heere
Tast of the cheere,
But as birds drink, and strait lift up their head:
So he must sipp and thinke
Of better drinke
He may attaine to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things, but one.
Both frosts and thoughts doe nip,
And bite his lip;
And he, of all things feares two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be releifes,
Could he but take them right, and in their waies.
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turne his double paines to double praise.

¶ *The Storme*

If as the winds and waters here below
Doe fly and flow,
My sighs and teares as busy were above;
Sure they would move,
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amuse poore mortals, and object their crimes.

Starres have their stormes, even in a high degree,
As well as wee.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and beseige thy dore.

There it stands knocking to thy musicks wrong,
And drownes the song.
Glory and honour are sett by till it
An answere gett.
Poets have wrong'd poore stormes: such daies are best
They purge the aire without,within the brest.

¶ *Paradise*

I blesse thee, *Lord,* because I *Growe*
Among thy trees,which in a *Rowe*
To thee both fruit and order *Owe.*

What open force, or hidden *Charme*
Can blast my fruit, or bring me *Harme,*
While the inclosure is thine *Arme.*

Inclose mee still for feare I *Start.*
Bee to mee rather sharpe and *Tart;*
Then let mee want thy hand and *Art.*

When thou dost greater judgements *Spare,*
And with thy knife but prune and *Pare,*
Even fruitfull trees more fruitfull *Are.*

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest *Frend.*
Such cuttings rather heale, then *Rend.*
And such beginnings touch their *End.*

¶ *The Method*

Poore hart lament.
For since thy *God* refuseth still,
There is some rubbe, some discontent,
Which cooles his will.

Thy *Father* could
Quickly effect, what thou dost move;
For he is *Powre:* and sure he would;
For he is *Love.*

Goe search this thing,
Tumble thy brest, and turne thy booke.
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not looke?

What doe I see
Written above there? Yesterday
I did behave me careleslie,
When I did pray.

And should *Gods* eare
To such indifferents chained bee,
Who doe not their own motions heare?
Is *God* lesse free?

But stay! what's there?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbeare,
Yet I went on.

And should *Gods* eare,
Which needs not man, bee ty'd to those,
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes.

Then once more pray.
Downe with thy knees, up with thy voice.
Seeke pardon first, and *God* will say,
Glad heart rejoice.

ℐ *Divinity*

As Men, for feare the starres should sleepe and nod,
And trippe at night, have spheres supply'd,
As if a starre were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heaven they also serve,
Divinities transcendent sky.
Which with the edge of witt they cutt and carve;
Reason triumphes, and fayth lies by.

Could not that *Wisdome*, which first brochd the wine,
Have thickend it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seameles coat, had that bin fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was cleere, as heaven, from whence it came;
At least those beames of truth, which onely save,
Surpasse in brightnes any flame.

Love GOD, and love your Neighbour. Watch and pray.
Doe as ye would be done unto.
Oh darke instructions; ev'n as dark, as day
Who can these *Gordian* knots undoe?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
Bid what he please, yet I am sure;
To take and tast what he doth there designe,
Is all, that saves, and not obscure.

Then burne thy Epicycles, foolish man,
Breake all thy spheares, and save thy head.
Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both goe, and lead.

℣ 4 *Ephes: 30.*

Greive not the h. spirit, &c.

And art thou greived, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sowre,
And crosse thy love?
Greived for mee? The *God* of strength and powre
Greiv'd for a worme, which when I tread,
I passe away, and leave it dead.

Then weepe mine Eies, the *God* of Love doth greive.
Weepe foolish hart,
And weeping live.
For death is dry as dust. Yet if ye part
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins expresse, melt into dew.

When sawcy mirth shall knock, or call at dore,
Cry out, gett hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty *God* doth greive, he puts on sense.
I sinne not to my greife alone,
But to my *God's* too, he doth grone.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a straine,
Which may with thee
All day complaine.
There can no discord but in ceasing bee.
Marbles can weepe, and surely strings
More bowels have, then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to teares and greife,
Even endles teares
Without releife.
If a cleare spring for mee no time forbeares
But runnes, although I be not dry,
I am no Crystall, what shall I?

Yet if I waile not still, since still to waile
Nature denies;
And flesh would faile,
If my deserts were masters of mine eies,
Lord, pardon, for thy *Sonne* makes good
My want of teares with store of blood.

¶ *The Family*

What doth this noise of thoughts within my hart
As if they had a part?
What doe these loud complaints and pulling feares
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, *Lord*, the house and family are thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turne out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:
For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First peace and silence all disputes controule,
Then order plaies the soule;
And giving all things their sett formes and houres,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neere the dore doth stand,
Expecting a commande.
Then whom in waiting nothing seemes more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth goe.

Joyes oft are there, and greifs as oft as joyes;
But greifs without a noise.
Yet speake they lowder, then distemperd feares.
What is so shrill, as silent teares?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound.
And where these are not found,
Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day
But not to make a constant stay.

¶ *The Size*

Content thee, greedy hart.
Modest and moderate Joyes to those, that have
Title to more hereafter, when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let th' upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon saile;
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,
When greifs prevaile,
And for the future time art heire
To th' Ile of spices. Is't not faire?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then *God* was, who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disannull?
Exact good cheere?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?

Great Joyes are all at once,
But little doe reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes; these what they have, renounce,
And live on score.
Those are at home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on *Sions* hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfitt,
At least in lumpe: for such doth oft destroy,
Whereas a bitt
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A *Christians* state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength, whose long and bony face
Content and care
Doe seeme to equally divide,
Like a pretender not a bride.

Wherefore sitt downe good hart
Graspe not at much for feare thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count, since the last joy.

Then close again the seame,
Which thou hast opened: doe not spred thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dreame
An earthly Globe,
On whose meridian was engraven
These seas are teares, and heaven the haven.

¶ *Artillery*

As I one evening sat before my cell,
Mee thoughts, a starre did shoot into my lap:
I rose, and shook my cloths, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap.
When suddenly I heard one say,
Doe as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy brest,
Which have the face of fire but end in rest.

I, who had heard of Musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in starres, beganne to muse:
But turning to my *God*, whose ministers
The starres and all things are, if I refuse,
Dread *Lord*, sayd I, so oft my good,
Then I refuse not even with blood
To wash away my stubborne thought:
For I will doe or suffer, what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,
Borne where thy servants both artilleries use.
My teares and prayers night and day do woe,
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
Not, but I am, I must say still,
Much more oblig'd to doe thy will,
Then thou to grant mine: but because
Thy promise now hath even sett thee thy laws.

Then wee are shooters both, and thou dost daine
To enter combate with us, and contest
With thine owne clay. But I would parley faine.
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my brest.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine.
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-*rents or schismes*

Brave Rose, alas where art thou? in the place
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine
A worme doth sitt, whose many feet and haire
Are the more foule, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottome of the leaves, which when the wind
Did once perceive it blew thee under foot,
Where rude unhallowed steps doe crush and grind
Their beauteous glories onely shreds of thee,
And those all bitten in thy chaire I see.

Why doth my *Mother* blush? is shee the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed *Christs* precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to lett out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you looke much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worme and worke within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleake;
Your health and beauty both began to breake.

Then did your severall parts unloose and start.
Which when your neighbours saw, like a North-wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the durt
Where Pagans tred. O Mother deare and kind,
Where shall I gett me eyes enough to weepe,
As many eies as starres? since it is night,
And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleepe
And even all *Africk*. Would at least I might
With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and powre it out for you.

¶ *Justice*

O dreadfull Justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When sin and errour
Did show and shape thy lookes to mee,
And through their glasse discolour thee!
He, that did but looke up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy ballance seemed to gape,
Like two great pitts;
The beame and scape
Did like some torturing engine show,
Thy hand above did burne and glow,
Danting the stoutest harts, the proudest witts.

But now that *Christs* pure vaile presents the sight,
I see no feares.
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of teares.

For where before thou still didst call on mee,
Now I still touch
And harpe on thee.
God's promises have made thee mine,
Why should I justice now decline?
Against mee there is none but for mee much.

¶ *The Pilgrimage*

I travaild on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of pride.

And so I came to Fancies middow strowd
With many a flowre.
Faine would I here have made abode,
But I was quickend by my houre.
So to cares copps I came, and there gott through
With much adoe.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the would.
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robd of all my gold
Save one good Angell, which a friend had tide
Close to my side.

At length I gott unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my hart, and climing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming feares,
I fell, and cryed, Alas my King,
Can both the way and end be teares?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

My Hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, none goes that way
And lives. If that be all, sayd I,
After so foule a journey death is faire.
And but a chaire.

¶ *The holdfast*

I threatned to observe the strict decree
Of my Deare *God* with all my powre & might.
But I was told by one, it could not bee;
Yet I might trust in *God* to bee my light.

Then will I trust, sayd I, in him alone.
Nay even to trust in him was also his.
Wee must confesse, that nothing is our owne.
Then I confesse, that he my *Succour* is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
That wee have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a freind expresse,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfetted for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot faile or fall.

¶ *Complaining*

Doe not beguile my heart;
Because thou art
My Powre and wisedome. Put mee not to shame:
Because I am
Thy clay, that weeps, thy dust, that calls.

Thou art the *Lord* of Glory,
The deed and story
Are both thy due: but I a silly fly,
That live or dy
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all Justice, *Lord*?
Shows not thy word
More Attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weepe or cry?
Have I no parts but those of greife?

Let not thy wrathfull powre
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life: or lett thy gratious powre
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and find releife.

¶ *The Discharge*

Busy inquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turne, and leere, and with a licorous eye?
Looke high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow.

Hast thou not made thy counts? and summ'd up all?
Did not thy hart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past, who can recall?

Thy life is *Gods*, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at Noone: he is at night
Thy Noone alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sowne.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That *God* did make
Thy busines his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see,
What present things requir'd of thee.

They ask enough: why shouldst thou further goe?
Raise not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleere and good.
Digge not for woe
In times to come, for it will grow.

Man and the present fitt: if he provide,
He breakes the square.
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And doe encroach upon deaths side.

For Death each houre environs and surrounds.
He, that would know
And care for future chances, cannot goe
Unto those grounds,
But through a *Church* yard, which them bounds.

Things present shrink and dy: but they that spend
Their thoughts and sence
On future greife, doe not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chaines the Dog till night. Wilt loose the chaine,
And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now greive too morrow
And then againe
Greive over freshly all thy paine?

Either greife will not come: or if it must,
Doe not forecast.
And while it commeth, it is almost past.
Away distrust
My *God* hath promis'd. he is just.

¶ *Praise*

King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee.
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard mee.
Thou didst note my working brest,
Thou hast spard mee.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the creame of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sinnes against me cryed
Thou didst cleare mee,
And alone, when they replyed
Thou didst heare mee.

Seaven whole daies, not one in seaven
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with teares,
Thou relentedst.
And when Justice call'd for feares,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort
To enrowle thee.
Even eternity is too short
To extoll thee.

¶ *An Offering*

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow,
As mens returnes, what would become of fooles
What hast thou there? a Hart? but is it pure?
Search well and see, for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow,
In *Christ* two Natures mett to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many guifts do challenge many harts.
Yet one if good may title to a number,
And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
In publick judgements one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleepe and slumber.

But all I feare is least thy heart displease
As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone,
Thy passions also have their sett partitions.
These parcell out thy heart: recover these,
And thou mayst offer many guifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a blood,
Dropping from heaven, which doth both clense and close
All sorts of wounds, of such strange force it is.
Seeke out this All-heal, and seeke no repose,
Untill thou find and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy guift; and let thy hymne be this.

Since my sadnes
Into gladnes
Lord, thou dost convert,
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine.
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give savour
To this poore oblation:
And it raise
To be thy praise
And be my salvation.

¶ *Longing*

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cryes,
To thee my grones,
To thee my sighs, my teares ascend:
No end?

My throate, my soule is hoarse,
My heart is withered like a ground,
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turne round
And make mee giddy, *Lord,* I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pitty flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part.
Their infants, them; and they suck thee
More free.

Bowells of pitty, heare
Lord of my soule, love of my mind,
Bow downe thine eare,
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy Name.

Look on my sorrows round.
Marke well my fornace. O what flames,
What heats abound!
What greifes, what shames!
Consider, *Lord*, *Lord*, bow thine eare
And heare.

Lord Jesu thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to mee.
Lord heare! Shall he that made the eare,
Not heare?

Behold thy dust doth stirre,
It moves, it creeps, it aimes at thee:
Wilt thou deferre
To succour mee,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come.

To thee help appertaines.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And layd the raines
Upon the horse?
Is all lockd? hath a sinners plea
No key?

Indeed the world's thy booke,
Where all things have their leafe assign'd:
Yet a meeke looke
Hath interlin'd.
Thy bord is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I dy,
And fall to nothing: thou dost reigne,
And rule on high,
While I remaine
In bitter greife: yet am I stil'd
Thy Child.

Lord didst thou leave thy throne
Not to releive? How can it bee,
That thou art growne
Thus hard to mee?
Were sinne alive, good cause there were
To beare.

But now both sinne is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head,
These speak and chide.
And in thy bosome poure my teares,
As theirs.

Lord Jesu, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue:
Thy beggers grow, ridd them away
To day.

My Love, my sweetnes, heare.
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lyes all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heale my troubled brest which cryes,
Which dyes.

¶ *The Bagge*

Away despaire! my Gracious Lord doth heare.
Though windes and waves assault my keele,
He doth preserve it: he doth steere,
Even when the boat seemes most to reele.
Stormes are the triumph of his art.
Well may he close his eies, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my *Lord Jesus* died?
Then let mee tell thee a strange story.
The *God* of powre, as he did ride
In his Majestick robes of glory,
Resolv'd to light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd:
The Cloud his bow, the Fire his speare,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they askd, what he would weare,
He smil'd and sayd, as he did goe,
He had new Cloths a making here below.

When he was come, as travailers are wont,
He did repaire unto an Inne.
Both then and after many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne.
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning there came one
That ranne upon him with a speare.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor armes, nor feare,
Receivd the blow upon his side,
And straite he turnd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
I have no bagge, but here is room:
Unto my *Fathers* hands and sight
Beleive mee, it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart,
Looke you may put it very neere my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my freinds
Will use mee in this kind, the dore
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to mee. Harke, Despaire away.

¶ *The Jewes*

Poore Nation, whose sweet sappe and juice
Our sinnes have purloin'd, and left you dry:
Whose streames wee gott by the Apostles sluce,
And use in baptisme, while ye pine and dy.
Who by not keeping once, became a debter,
And now by keeping loose the letter.

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
Oh that some Angell might a trumpet sound,
At which the *Church* falling upon her face
Should cry so loud, untill the trumpe were drownd;
And by that cry of her Deare *Lord* obtaine,
That your sweet sappe might come againe.

¶ *The Collar*

I struck the board, and cryd, No more.
I will abroad.
What shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorne
To lett mee blood and not restore,
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it. There was corne
Before my teares did drowne it.
Is the yeare onely lost to mee?
Have I no bayes to crowne it?
No flowres, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blowne age
On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fitt, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away, take heed,
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: ty up thy feares.
He, that forbeares
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more feirce and wild
At every word;
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child!*
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ *The Glimpse*

Whither away delight?
Thou camst but now, wilt thou so soone depart,
And give me up to Night?
For many weekes of lingring paine and smart
But one halfe houre of comfort to my heart?

Mee thinkes delight should have
More skill in Musique, and keepe better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly goe, and come with lesser crime?
Flowres look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime beg'd of old, they say,
A neighbour spring to coole his inward heat,
Which by the springs accesse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme; and would not dy;
But constant to his part
When as my feares foretold this, did reply,
A slender thred a gentle guest will ty.

Yet if the hart, that wept
Must let thee goe, returne when it doth knock.
Although thy heape be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never breake the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheele shall goe so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how greif and sinne
Disturbe the worke. O make mee not their sport,
Who by thy comming may be made a court.

¶ *Assurance*

O spitefull bitter thought,
Bitterly spitefull thought! Could'st thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtlesse but in the way of punishment.
When wit contrives to meete with thee,
No such rank poyson can there bee.

Thou sayd'st but even now,
That all was not so faire, as I conceived
Betwixt my *God* and mee; that I allow
And coine large hopes, but, that I was deceived:
Either the league was broke, or neere it,
And that I had great cause to feare it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aime? wouldst thou unlock the dore
To cold dispaires, and gnawing pensivenes?
Wouldst thou raise Devills? I see, I know,
I writt thy purpose long agoe.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious *Lord*,
If all the hope and comfort, that I gather
Were from my selfe, I had not halfe a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to performe thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thy selfe endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst faile,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quaile;
Yea when both rocks, and all things shall disband,
Then shalt thou be my rock and Towre,
And make their ruine praise thy powre.

Now foolish thought goe on,
Spinne out thy thred, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone
Which bounds on thee and will not downe thy throat
What for it selfe love once began,
Now love and truth will end in Man.

¶ *The Call*

Come my *Way,* my *Truth,* my *Life*:
Such a *Way,* as gives us breath:
Such a *Truth* as ends all strife:
Such a *Life* as killeth Death.

Come my *Light,* my *Feast,* my *Strength.*
Such a *Light* as shows a *Feast*:
Such a *Feast* as mends in *Length*:
Such a *Strength* as makes his *Guest.*

Come my *Joy,* my *Love,* my *Hart*:
Such a *Joy* as none can move:
Such a *Love* as none can part:
Such a *Hart* as *Joyes* in *Love.*

¶ *Clasping of hands*

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I, or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth mee restore;
So that againe I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more
Since this being mine brings with it thine,
And thou with mee dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine and thou art mine.
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, then thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but mee, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst mee restore.
O be mine still, still make me thine,
Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

¶ *Praise*

Lord, I will mean and speake thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busy hart shall spinne it all my daies.
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
It runnes, it flies.
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
That, which had but two legs before,
When thou dost blesse, hath twelve: one wheele doth rise
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on busines blow,
It hangs, it clogs.
Not all the teemes of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of dore.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaohs wheeles but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee imploy
In ruling all
This spacious globe. Angels must have their joy,
Divels their rod, the sea his shore;
The winds their stint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardst my call and more.

I have not lost on single teare:
But when mine eies
Did weepe to heaven, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poore)
Ready to take them in; yet of a size
That would containe much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop
From thy right ey,
(Which there did hang like streamers neere the top
Of some faire *Church* to show the sore
And bloody battell, which thou once didst try)
The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore I sing: yet since my heart,
Though press'd runs thin:
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use good store:
That to thy chest there might be comming in
Both all my praise and More.

¶ *Josephs coat*

Wounded I sing, tormented I endite,
Throwne downe I fall into a bed and rest:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note. such is his will,
Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.
For well he knows, if but one greif and smart
Among my many had his full carreere,
Sure it would carry with it even my heart,
And both would runne untill they found a beere,
To fetch the body, both being due to greif.
But he hath spoil'd the race: and given to anguish
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with releif
To linger in mee, and together languish.
I live to shew his powre, who once did bring
My joyes to weepe; and now my greifs to sing.

¶ *The Pulley*

When *God* at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
Let us (sayd he) powre on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which dispersed ly,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way
Then beauty flow'd, then wisedome, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, *God* made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (sayd he)
Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my guifts in stead of mee,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature.
So both should loosers bee.

Yet let him keepe the rest,
But keepe them with repining restlesnes:
Let him be rich and weary: that at least
If Goodnes leade him not, yet wearines
May tosse him to my brest.

¶ *The Preisthood*

Blest Order, which in powre dost so excell,
That with th'one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest downe to Hell
In thy just censures; Faine would I draw nigh,
Faine put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of th' holy *word*.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallowed fire,
And I but earth and clay: Should I presume
To weare thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foule and brittle: much unfitt
To deale in Holy *Writt*.

Yet have I often seene by cunning hand
And force of fire what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull Artists for the boards of those,
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the Earth, from whence those vesseles come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one final somme,
I doe not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th'holy men of *God* such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the world commands:
When *God* vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands.
O what pure things! most pure must those things be,
Who bring my *God* to mee!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Arke, although it seeme to shake
Through th'old sins, and new doctrines of our land.
Onely since *God* doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw mee at his feet.

There will I ly, untill my *Maker* seeke
For some meane stuffe, whereon to show his skill
Then is my time. The distance of the meeke
Doth flatter Powre. Least good come short of ill
In praising Might, the poore doe by submission
What pride by Opposition.

¶ *The Search*

Whither, O, whither art thou fled
My *Lord*, my *Love*?
My searches are my dayly bred,
Yet never prove.

My knees peirce th'earth, mine eyes the sky,
And yet the sphere
And center both to mee deny,
That thou art there.

Yet can I marke how herbs below
Grow greene and gay,
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I marke how starres above
Simper and shine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seeke thee out
Deepe drawne, in paine,
Wingd like an arrow: but my scout
Returnes in vaine.

I tun'd another (having store)
Into a Grone;
Because the search was dumbe before:
But all was one.

Lord dost thou some new fabrick mould,
Which favour winnes,
And keeps thee present, leaving th' old
Unto their sinnes?

Where is my *God*? what hidden place
Conceales thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing;
Let rather brasse,
Or steele, or mountaines be thy ring,
And I will passe.

Thy will such an entrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtleties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles doe kisse,
And parallels meet.

Since then my greife must be as large,
As is thy space,
Thy distance from mee; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away,
Turne and restore mee:
Bee not *Almighty*, let mee say,
Against, but for mee.

When thou dost turne, and wilt be neere,
What edge so keene,
What point so peircing can appeere
To come betweene.

For as thy absence doth excell
All distance knowne;
So doth thy neerenes beare the bell,
Making two one.

¶ *Greife*

O who will give me teares? Come all ye springs
Dwell in my head & eyes. Come clouds & raine.
My greif hath need of all the watry things,
That Nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vaine
Suck up a river to supply mine eies,
My weary weeping eies, too dry for mee,
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies
To beare them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spoutes
Of a lesse world, the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my greifs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eies,
And keepe your measures for some lovers lute,
Whose greif allows him musick and a rime:
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas my *God*.

¶ *The Crosse*

What is this strange and uncouth thing?
To make mee sigh, and seeke, and faint, and dy,
Untill I had some place, where I might sing,
And serve thee: and not onely I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To sett thy honour up, as our designe.

And then when after much delay,
Much wrastling, many a combate, this deere end,
So much desir'd, is given, to take away
My powre to serve thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designes confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One Ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soule (the memory
What I would doe for thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weake disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides things sort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth study thy renowne:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on mee still,
Taking mee up to throw mee down:
So that even when my hopes seeme to be sped,
I am to greif alive, to them as dead.

To have my aime, and yet to bee
Farther from it, then when I bent my bow
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And even in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my *Deare Father*, ease my smart:
These contrarieties crush mee: these crosse Actions
Doe wind a rope about, and cutt my hart:
And yet since these thy contradictions
Are properly a *Crosse* felt by thy sonne,
With but foure words, My words, *Thy will be done.*

¶ *The Flowre*

How fresh, O *Lord,* how sweet and cleane
Are thy returns? even as the flowres in spring,
To which, besides their owne demeane,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Greife melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriveld hart
Could have recoverd greennesse? it was gone
Quite under ground: as Flowres depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blowne
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keepe house unknowne.

These are thy wonders, *Lord of Powre,*
Killing, and quickning, bringing downe to hell,
And up to heaven in an houre:
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
Wee say amisse,
This or that is,
Thy word is all, if wee could spell.

O that I once past changing were
Fast in thy Paradise, where no Flowre can wither,
Many a spring I shoot up faire,
Offring at Heaven, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my Flowre
Want a spring-showre,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a strait line
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine owne,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what Pole is not the zone,
Where all things burne,
When thou dost turne
And the least frowne of thine is showne.

And now in Age I bud againe.
After so many deaths I live and write,
I once more smell the dew and raine,
And relish versing: O my onely light,
It cannot bee
That I am hee
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, *Lord of Love,*
To make us see we are but flowres, that glide.
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a Garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more
Swelling through store
Forfett their Paradise by their Pride.

¶ *Dotage*

False glozing Pleasures, casks of happines,
Foolish Night-fires, womens and childrens wishes,
Chases in Arras, guilded Emptinesse,
Shaddows well mounted, Dreames in a careere,
Embroiderd Lyes, Nothing betweene two dishes,
These are the pleasures heere.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in graine, vexations ripe and blowne,
Sure-footed greifs, solid Calamities,
Plain demonstrations evident and cleere,
Fetching their proofs even from the very bone;
These are the sorrows heere.

But, o the folly of distracted men,
Who greifs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a lothsome den
Before a court, even that above so cleere,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true,
Then miseries are here.

¶ *The Sonne*

Let forraine Nations of their Language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords;
I like our Language, as our Men and Coast,
Who cannot dresse it well, want witt, not words.
How neatly doe wee give one onely Name
To Parents issue and the sonnes bright starre?
A sonne is light and fruit: a fruitfull flame
Chasing the Fathers dimnesse, carried farre
From the first Man in th' East, to fresh and new
Westerne discoveries of Posteritie.
So in one word our *Lords* humility
Wee turne upon him in a sense most true:
For what *Christ* once in humblenes began,
Wee him in glory call, *The Sonne of Man.*

¶ *A true Hymne*

My joy, my Life, my Crowne!
My hart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it faine would say:
And still it runneth muttering up and downe
With onely this, *My joy, My Life, My Crowne.*

Yet slight not these few words:
If truly sayd, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The finenes, which a hymne or Psalme affords,
Is, when the soule unto the lines accords.

He, who craves all the mind,
And all the soule, and strength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Justly complaines, that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kind.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want.
As when th' heart sayes (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops: *God* writeth, *Loved*.

¶ *The Answere*

My comforts droppe, and melt away like snow:
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my feirce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about mee: or like sommer freinds
Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,
Who think mee eager, hott, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small,
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of durt, and meanes the sky:
But cooling by the way, grows pursy and slow,
And setling to a cloud, doth live and dy
In that darke state of teares; to all, that so
Show mee and sett mee, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

¶ *A Dialogue Antheme*

Christian. Death

Chr. Alas, poore *Death*, where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?
Dea. Alas poore *Mortall*, void of story,
Goe spell and read, how I have kill'd thy *King*.
Chr. Poore *Death*! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being layd on him, makes thee accurst.
Dea. Let loosers talk: yet thou shalt dy, (worst.
These Armes shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, doe thy
I shall be one day better then before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ *The Water-course*

Thou who dost dwell and linger heere below,
Since the condition of this world is fraile,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow,
If troubles overtake thee, doe not waile:
For who can looke for lesse, that loveth { Life. / Strife.

But rather turne the pipe, and waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of soveraine teares, springing from true remorse.
That so in purenes thou mayst him adore,
Who gives to Man, as he sees fitt { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ *Selfe-condemnation*

Thou who condemnest Jewish hate
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the *Lord* of glory,
Looke back upon thine owne estate,
Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer)
That choise may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amisse
This Worlds delights before true *Christian* joy,
Hath made a *Jewish* choice:
The world an ancient Murderer is
Thousands of soules it hath and doth destroy
With her inchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Betweene his soule and gold, and hath preferd
False gaine before the true,
Hath done what he condemnes in reading:
For he hath sold for mony his deare *Lord,*
And is a *Judas-Jew.*

Thus wee prevent the last great day,
And judge our selves. That light, which sin & passion
Did before dimme and choke,
When once those snuffs are taken away,
Shines bright and cleere, even unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloke.

¶ *Bitter-sweet*

Ah my deere angry *Lord,*
Since thou dost love, yet strike
Cast downe, yet help afford,
Sure I will doe the like.

I will complaine, yet praise:
I will bewaile, approve:
And all my sowre-sweet daies
I will lament, and love.

¶ *The Glance*

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd even in the midst of youth and Night
To looke upon me, who before did ly
Weltring in sin;
I felt a sugred strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overunne my hart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storme
My soule hath felt, even able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harme
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet originall joy
Sprung from thine eye, did worke within my Soule
And surging greifs, when they grew bold, controule,
And gott the day.

If thy first glance so powrefull bee,
A mirth but open'd and seal'd up againe;
What wonders shall wee feele, when wee shall see
Thy full-ey'd love?
When thou shalt looke us out of Paine,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More then a Thousand Sunnes disburse in light,
In Heaven above.

¶ *The 23ᵈ Psalme*

The *God* of *Love* my Shepherd is,
And he, that doth mee feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need.

He leads mee to the tender grasse,
Where I both feed and rest,
Then to the streames that gently passe.
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

Yea in Deaths shady black abode
Well may I walk, not feare:
For thou art with mee; and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to beare.

Nay thou dost make mee sitt and dine,
Evn in mine enemies sight:
My head with oile, my cuppe with wine
Runnes over day and Night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my daies,
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

¶ *Mary Magdalene*

When blessed *Mary* wip'd her *Saviours* feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humblenes would live and tred:

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
To make him cleane, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her teares for her owne fauts,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In teares, like seas, our sins are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and workes, and thoughts.

Deare soule, she knew who did vouchsafe and daine
To beare her filth; and that her sins did dash
Even *God* himselfe. Wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to staine,
So to bring in wherewith to wash
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

¶ *Aaron*

Holinesse on the Head,
Light and perfections on the Brest,
Harmonious bells below, raising the Dead
To lead them unto life and rest.
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanenes in my Head,
Defects and darknes in my brest,
A noise of Passions ringing mee for Dead
Unto a place, where is no rest,
Poore Priest thus am I drest.

Onely another Head
I have, another hart and brest,
Another Musique, making live not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest,
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely Head,
My alone onely hart and Brest,
My onely Musick, striking mee even Dead,
That to the old man I may Rest,
And be in him new Drest.

So Holy in my Head,
Perfect and light in my deare Brest,
My Doctrine tun'd by *Christ*, (who is not Dead,
But lives in mee, while I doe Rest)
– Come people; *Aaron's* Drest.

℣ *The Odour*, 2 Cor. 2

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master.*
As Amber-greese leaves a rich sent
Unto the Taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An Orientall fragrancy, *My Master.*

With these all day I doe perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both,
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smels, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speake? O that to thee
My servant were a little so,
As flesh may bee!
That these two words might creepe & grow
To some degree of spicines to thee.

Then should the Pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warme and worke it sweeter then before.

For when *My Master,* which alone is sweet,
And even in my unworthines pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My servant, as thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gaines by sweetning mee
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Returne to thee.
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life imploy and busy mee.

¶ *The Foile*

If we could see below
The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace
As plainly, as that above doth show,
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foile
To sett of vertues: Greifs to sett of sinning:
Yet in this wretched world wee toile,
As if greif were not foule, nor vertue winning.

¶ *The Forerunners*

The Harbingers are come. See, see their mark,
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my Brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Must Dulnesse turne mee to a Clod?
Yet have they left mee, Thou art still my *God.*

Good men ye bee, to leave me my best roome,
Even all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I passe not, I, what of the rest become,
So (Thou art still my *God*) be out of feare.
He will be pleased with that ditty,
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell sweet Phrases, lovely Metaphores.
But will ye leave mee thus? when ye before
Of stews and Brothels onely knew the Dores,
Then did I wash you with my teares: and more
Brought you to *Church* well drest and clad;
My *God* must have my best, even all I had.

Lovely enchanting language: sugar-cane
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the *Church* and love a sty?
Fy, thou wilt soile thy broiderd coate,
And hurt thy selfe and him, that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dong,
With canvas not with Arras cloth their shame:
Let folly speake in her own native tong.
True Beauty dwells on high. Ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence, to light us thither:
Beauty and beauteous words should goe together.

Yet, if you goe, I passe not; take your way.
For (Thou art still my *God*) is all, that yee
Perhaps with more embellishment can say,
Goe Birds of spring: let winter have his fee:
Let a bleake palenes chalke the dore,
So all within be livelier then before.

¶ *The Rose*

Presse me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugred lies,
And to use a larger measure
Then my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure heere:
Colour'd greifs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that looke as cleere,
As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to say;
There are no such things to mee,
Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advize:
Onely take this gentle rose,
And therein my answere lyes.

What is fairer, then a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all, that worldlings prize,
Be contracted to a rose;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flowre doth judge and sentence
Worldly joyes to be a scourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health not Physick chuse.
Onely though I you oppose,
Say, that fairely I refuse,
For my answere is a *Rose.*

¶ *Discipline*

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my *God,*
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire
Unto thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or looke
I affect to owne,
But by booke
And thy booke alone.

Though I faile, I weepe:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creepe
To the Throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will doe the deed:
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot,
Love's a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hitt from farre.

Who can scape his bow?
That, which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must worke on mee.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art *God*:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ *The Invitation*

Come ye hither All, whose tast
Is your wast,
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is heere prepar'd and drest,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither All, whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weepe what ye have drunk amisse,
And drink this,
Which before ye drinke is blood.

Come ye hither All, whom paine
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your sinnes to sight:
Tast and feare not: *God* is heere
In this cheere,
And on sinne doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither All, whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds
Heere is joy that drowneth quite
Your delyte
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither All, whose love
Is your Dove,
And exalts you to the sky:
Here is love, which having breath
Even in death,
After Death can never dy.

Lord I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to Thee:
For it seemes but just and right
In my sight,
Where is All, there All should bee.

¶ *The Banquet*

Welcome sweet and sacred Cheere,
Welcome Deere,
With mee, in mee live and dwell:
For thy neatnes passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to tast, or tell.

O what sweetenes from the Bowle
Fills my soule,
Such as is, and makes Divine:
Is some starre (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugre melt in Wine?

Or hath sweetnes in the Bread
Made a Head,
To subdue the smell of Sinne,
Flowres, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
Least the Enemy should winne?

Doubtles, neither Starre, nor Flowre
Hath the powre
Such a sweetnes to impart:
Onely *God*, who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being brus'd are better sented:
God to show how farre his love
Could improve,
Heere, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgott my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd,
God tooke blood, and needs would bee
Spilt with mee,
And so found mee on the ground.

Having rais'd mee to looke up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my tast.
But I still being low and short
Farre from court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
To the sky:
Where I wipe mine eies, and see,
What I seeke, for what I sue,
Him I veiw,
Who hath done so much for mee.

Let the wonder of his pitty
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under paine of death,
Hands and breath.
Strive in this and love the strife.

¶ *The Posy*

Let witts contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill:
Lesse then the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posy still.

This on my ring,
This by my Picture, in my booke I write,
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delyte.

Invention rest,
Comparisons goe play, witt use thy will;
Lesse then the least
Of all *Gods* mercies, is my Posy still.

¶ *A Parody*

Soules joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot bee,
Because thou dost abide with mee,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou dost suppresse
The cheerefulnes
Of thy abode,
And in my powres not stirre abroad,
But leave mee to my load.

O what a dampe and shade
Doth mee invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord, doe not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sin appeare;
And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
Say, that thou art not heere.

And then, what life I have,
While sin doth rave,
And falsly boast,
That I may seeke, but thou art lost,
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth mee infold!
I half beleeve,
That sin sayes true, but while I greive,
Thou com'st and dost releive.

¶ *The Elixir*

Teach mee, my *God* and *King*,
In all things thee to see,
And what I doe in any thing
To doe it, as for thee:

Not rudely, as a Beast,
To runne into an action:
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man, that lookes on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so meane,
Which with his Tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and cleane.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine
Who sweeps a roome, as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold
For that, which *God* doth touch and owne
Cannot for lesse be told.

¶ *A wreath*

A wreathed Garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my waies,
My crooked winding waies, wherein I live,
Wherein I dy, not live: for life is strait,
Strait as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Then deceit seemes above simplicitie.
Give mee simplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy waies,
Know them and practize them, then shall I give
For this poore wreath, give thee a crowne of praise.

¶ *Death*

Death thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder grones,
Thy mouth was open but thou couldst not sing.

For wee considerd thee as at some six,
Or ten yeares hence,
After the losse of life and sence,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

Wee look'd on this side of thee, shooting short,
Where wee did find
The shels of fledg soules left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no teares, but may extort.

But since our Saviours Death did put some blood
Into thy face;
Thou art growne faire and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For wee doe now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomes day:
When soules shall weare their new array
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore wee can goe dy, as sleepe: and trust
Half, that wee have,
Unto an honest faithfull grave:
Making our Pillows either Downe, or Dust.

¶ *Doomes' day*

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stirre, and rubbe the eies.
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispering, *Live you Brother.*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and straines
Cure Tarantulaes raging paines.

Come away.
O make no stay.
Let the graves make their confession,
Least at length they plead possession:
Fleshes stubbornes may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drowne a freind:
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a Plague and publique woe.

Come away,
Helpe our decay.
Man is out of order hurld,
Parceld out to all the world.
Lord thy broken consort raise,
And the Musick shall be Praise.

¶ *Judgement*

Almighty *Judge,* how shall poore wretches brooke
Thy dreadfull looke,
Able a heart of Iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar Booke?

What others meane to doe, I know not well,
Yet I heare tell,
That some will turne thee to some leaves therein
So voyd of sin,
That they in merrit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand:
Let that be scand.
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

¶ *Heaven*

O who will show mee those delights on high?
Eccho. I.
Thou Eccho, thou art mortall, all men know.
Ecch: No.
Wert thou not borne among the trees and leaves?
Ecch: Leaves.
And are there any leaves, that still abide?
Eccho: Bide.
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly?
Ecch: Holy.
Are holy leaves the Eccho then of blisse?
Eccho: Yes.
Then tell mee, what is that supreme delight?
Ecch: Light.

Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Ecch: Joy.
But are their cares and busines with the pleasure?
Ecch: Leasure.
Light, joy, and leasure; but shall they persever?
Eccho: Ever.

℣ *Love*

Love bad mee welcome: yet my soule drew back
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love observing mee grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew neerer to mee, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be heere:
Love said, you shalbe he.
I the unkind, ungratefull? Ah my Deere,
I cannot looke on thee.
Love tooke my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth *Lord,* but I have marrd them: let my shame
Goe, where it doth deserve.
And know you not sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My Deere, then I will serve.
You must sitt downe sayes Love, and tast my meat
So I did sitt and eat.

FINIS

Glory be to God *on high*
And on earth peace
Good will towards men.

¶ *The Church Militant*

Almighty *Lord,* who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things, even as one:
The smallest Ant or Atome knows thy powre,
Knowne also to each minute of an houre.
Much more doe Comon-weales acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsailes, doing nought,
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all thy *Church and Spouse* doth prove
Not the decrees of Powre, but bands of Love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeere it to be thine.
Spices come from the East, so did thy Spouse,
Trimme as the Light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* shady vine, chast as the Dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy Love.
The Course was westward, that the Sunne might light
As well our understanding, as our sight.
Where th' *Arke* did rest, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other *Arke* from *Canaan.*
Moses pursu'd this: but *King Solomon*
Finish'd and fix'd the old Religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vaine
By nailing *Christ* to fasten it againe.
But to the *Gentiles* he bore *Crosse* and all,
Rending with earthquakes the Partition-wall:
Onely whereas the *Arke* in glory shone,
Now with the *Crosse,* as with a staffe, alone
Religion, like a Pilgrime, westward bent;
Knocking at all dores, ever, as she went.
Yet as the Sunne, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allowes some light,
Till all depart: so went the *Church* her way,

Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the Easterne Nations for a time,
Till both removed to the Westerne Clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The Tenne Commandements there did flourish more,
Then the Ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh*, *Moses*, changing th' history.
Goshen was darkenes, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for Monsters brought forth *Israelites*.
Such Powre hath mighty Baptisme to produce
For things misshapen things of highest use.
How deare to mee, O *God*, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens harts.
Learning was pos'd; *Philosophy* was sett:
Sophisters taken in a *Fishers* nett.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a losse,
And wheel'd about againe to spell *Christ-Crosse*.
Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their denne,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* tooke horse as soone, as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both, yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warrior his deere skarres no more resounds,
But seemes to yeeld *Christ* hath the greater wounds,
Wounds willingly endur'd to worke his blisse,
Who by an Ambush lost his *Paradise*.
The great Heart stoopes, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoiles of lust:

Quitting his speare least it should peirce againe
Him in his members, who for him was slaine.
The *Shepheards hooke* grew to a *scepter* here,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece* to comfort them,
Who were cut short in *Alexanders* stemme.
In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts against the *Gospell* came.
Which using, and not fearing, skill in th' one,
Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and strugling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) untill it flew
At length to *Germany,* still westward bending,
And there the *Churches* festival attending.
That as before Empire and Arts made way;
(For no lesse harbingers would serve then they)
So they might still, and point us out the place
Where first the *Church* should raise her downecast face.
Strength levels grounds, art makes a garden there.
Then showres Religion, and makes all to beare.
Spaine in the Empire shar'd with *Germany,*
But *England* in the higher victory.
Giving the *Church* a Crowne to keepe her state,
And not goe lesse then she had done of late.
Constantines Brittish line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrappe up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From times great *Chronicle,* and hither sent.
Thus both the *Church* and *Sunne* together ranne
Unto the farthest old Meridian.
How deare to mee, O *God,* thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the *Church* began her race,
Sinne did sett out of Easterne *Babilon,*

And travaild westward also journeying on,
He chidd the *Church* away, where ere he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he gott to *Egypt,* and did sow
Gardens of *Gods,* which ev'ry yeere did grow,
Fresh and fine Deities. They were at great cost
Who for a *God,* cleerely a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is Man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that, which he may eat,
Starving the while, he worshippeth his meat.
Who makes a root his *God*; how low is he
If *God* and Man be sever'd infinitelie?
What wretchednes can give him any roome,
Whose house is foule, while he adores his broome?
None will beleive this now, though mony bee
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus *Sin* in *Egypt* sneaked for a while,
His highest was an Oxe or Crocodile,
And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth passe,
And being craftier much then Goodnes was,
He left behind him Garrisons of sinnes
To make good that, which ev'ry day he wins.
Heere *Sinne* tooke hart, and for a Garden-bed
Rich Shrines and Oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell,
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay he became a Poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull:
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to descredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From *Greece* he went to *Rome,* and as before
He was a *God,* now he's an *Emperour*.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his cheif instrument of old,
Pleasure succeeded strait, when that grew cold.
Which soone was blowne to such a mighty flame,
That though our *Saviour* did destroy the game,
Disparking Oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a Rogue with hope of carnall joy
Cheat the most subtle Nations. Who so coy,
So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt?* yet their harts
Are given over, for their curious arts
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the Old Heathen would deeme prodigies.
How deare to mee, O *God,* thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Onely the West and *Rome* doe keepe them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The *Churches* here, bravely resolv'd one night
To be a *Church-Man* too, and weare a Mitre,
The Old debauched Ruffian would turne writer.
I saw him in his study, where he sate
Busy in controversies sprung of late:
A Gowne and Penne became him wondrous well,
His grave aspect had more of heaven then hell:
Onely there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As *Sinne* in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in Old *Rome* a mighty Emperour:
So now being Preist he plainely did professe

To make a jest of *Christs* three offices.
The rather since his scatter'd juglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From *Egypt* he tooke petty Deities,
From *Greece* oracular Infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure
By free dispensings of the *Churches* treasure.
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne
He did surname his palace *Babilon*.
Yet that he might the better gaine all nations,
And make that Name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceale his crimes.
From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednes,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelines.
And blending these he carried all mens eyes,
While truth sate by counting his Victories:
Whereby he grew a-pace, and scorn'd to use
Such force, as once did captivate the Jews,
But did bewitch, and finely work each Nation
Into a voluntary Trans-migration.
All post to *Rome: Princes* submitt their necks,
Either to his publick foot, or private tricks.
It did not fitt his gravity to stirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
States-men within, without dores cloisterers.
Who without speare, or sword, or other drumme,
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome.
And having conquerd did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seeme but the Popes mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;
So both together are one Antichrist,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.

How deare to mee, O *God,* thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Thus *Sin* triumphs in Westerne *Babilon,*
Yet not as *Sin;* but as *Religion.*
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the East.
Old and new *Babilon* are to Hell and Night,
As is the Moone and Sunne to Heaven and Light.
When th' one did sett, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and Grace.
They are Hells Land markes, Satans double crest,
They are Sinnes Nipples, feeding th' East and West.
But as in vice the coppy still exceedes
The Patterne, but not so in vertuous deeds:
So though sin made his latter seat the better,
The latter *Church* is to the first a debter.
The second *Temple* could not reach the first,
And the late reformation never durst
Compare with Ancient times and purer yeares;
But in the *Jews* and us deserveth teares.
Nay it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade,
Till such a Darkenes doe the world invade
At *Christs* last comming, as his first did find.
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings, as is betweene
The spacious *World* and *Jury* to be seene.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to passe to the *American* strand:
When hight of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witch crafts, and distrusts
(The markes of future bane) shall fill our cup
Unto the brimme, and make our measure up.
When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber,* and the *Thames*
By letting in them both pollutes her streames;
When *Italy* of us shall have her will,

And all her *Calender* of sins fulfill,
Whereby one may fortell, what sins next yeare
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineere,
Then shall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of *Gospell*, even as wee.
My *God*, thou dost prepare for them a way
By carrying first their Gold from them away.
For Gold and Grace did never yet agree:
Religion alwaies sides with povertie.
Wee thinke wee robb them, but wee think amisse.
Wee are more poore, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave her ancient place
To goe to them, while that which now their Nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet, as the *Church* shall thither westward fly;
So sin shall trace and dog her instantly;
They have their Period also and sett times,
Both for their vertuous Actions and their crimes.
And where of old the *Empire* and the *Arts*
Ushered the *Gospell* ever in Mens harts,
Spaine hath done one, when Arts performe the other,
The *Church* shall come, & sin the *Church* shall smother.
That when they haue accomplished their round
And mett in th' East their first and ancient sound,
Judgement may meet them both & search them round.
Thus doe both lights as well in *Church*, as Sunne,
Light one another, and together runne.
Thus also sin and darknes follow still
The *Church* and *Sunne* with all their powre and skill.
But as the *Sunne* still goes both *West* and *East;*
So also did the *Church* by going *West*
Still *Eastward* goe; because it drew more neere
To time and place, where *Judgement* shall appeere.
How deare to mee, O *God*, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

ℑ *L'Envoy*

King of glorie, King of Peace,
With the one make warre to cease,
With the other blesse thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not Sin devoure thy fold
Bragging, that thy blood is cold,
That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests dayly spread,
That thy *Flesh* hath lost his food,
And thy *Crosse* is common wood;
Choake him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquests and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all,
And then bargaine with the winde
To discharge what is behind.

Blessed be God *alone,*
Thrice Blessed Three in One.

FINIS

Bibliographical Note

Herbert's English writings were not published until after his death in 1633. During his life only his more academic works in the classical tongues were allowed to appear. The first of his compositions to be printed were two Latin poems contributed to Epicedium Cantabrigiense, Cantabrigiae: Legge, 1612, *4to, a volume of laments for the death of the Prince Henry. Other pieces in Latin were printed in* Lachrymae Cantabrigienses, Cantabrigiae: Legge, 1619, *4to, and in* Memoriae Hon. Dom. Francisci, Baronis De Verulamio, Londini: Havilland, 1626, *4to. A Latin speech addressed to Prince Charles and composed by Herbert in his capacity of Orator to the University of Cambridge was published by Legge at Cambridge in 1623, 4to. Latin and Greek poems in memory of his mother, Lady Danvers, were appended to Donne's* Sermon of Commemoration, London: 1627, *12mo. Many years after his death a series of his Latin epigrams were included in James Duport's* Ecclesiastes Solomonis, Cantabrigiae: J. Field, 1662, *8vo.*

In the year of his death Herbert's English poems were published under the title of The Temple *by Nicholas Ferrar, to whom Herbert had sent the manuscript shortly before he died. His volume of prose, entitled* A Priest to the Temple, *was not printed until 1652 when it appeared, together with* Jacula Prudentum, Or Outlandish Proverbs, *and other occasional pieces, under the title,* Herbert's Remains. *His translation of part of Cornaro's* Treatise of Temperance and Sobrietie *was printed with pieces by other authors in* Hygiasticon, Cambridge, 1634, *12mo. His annotations to Ferrar's translation of the writings of John de Valdes appeared in* The Hundred and Ten Considerations of Signior John Valdesso, Oxford: Lichfield, 1638, *12mo. Some of his letters to his mother were added to Walton's* Life of Mr. George Herbert, London: R. Marriot, 1670, *12mo.*

Between the years 1633 and 1709 Herbert's Temple *was published in fifteen separate editions: there were two issues of the first edition with different title-pages. Christopher Harvey's imitation of Herbert, entitled* The Synagogue, *was first published in 1640 and is to be found bound up with most copies of* The Temple *issued from 1641 onwards. In most of these it was probably part of the book, in that it was set up at the same time by the same printer, but it always has separate signatures and pagination. After the "thirteenth edition" of* The Temple, *published in 1709, there was a gap of ninety years during which no edition was published. At length in 1799 a new edition was printed at Bristol. Others followed in 1806, 1834 (the first American edition), and*

1835. The first important modern edition of Herbert's writings was published in 1836 by William Pickering in two volumes. These were many times re-issued and have enjoyed great popularity. They were reprinted in a larger format in 1846. Other editions of value are those prepared by Cowden Clarke in 1863, by Alexander Grosart in 1876, by C. S. Gibson in 1899, and finally by Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard University in 1905. Prof. Palmer's edition has been twice revised and reprinted, and is to be regarded as the standard complete *edition at the present time.*

The chief manuscript sources of Herbert's poems are but two. These are a complete collection in the Bodleian Library, which may be that sent by Herbert to Ferrar, and an incomplete collection of the earlier poems now in Dr. Williams's Library, London.

In the bibliographical lists which follow are given brief descriptions of the earlier editions of Herbert's principal works, The Temple *and the* Remains. *The copies collated are all in my own collection except nos. 1-3, which are in the British Museum, and no. 13, which is recorded only by Prof. Palmer.*

Geoffrey Keynes.

The Temple

1. 1633. 12mo.

The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. (*rule*) By Mr. George Herbert. (*rule*) Psal. 29. *In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.* (*ornament between rules*)

Cambridge: Printed by Thom. Buck, and Roger Daniel, printers to the Universitie. 1633.

¶⁴, A-H¹², I², pp. (viii) plus 192 plus (4); title in lace border. Prof. Palmer records that a few copies of this book have a different title-page to which is added, after the author's name, *late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge,* and, after the imprint, *And are to be sold by Francis Green, Stationer in Cambridge;* the date is omitted. These alterations were probably made while the book was in the press. I have not seen a copy and I cannot say if the title-page is a cancel leaf or not.

2. 1633. 12mo.

The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. (*double rule*) By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge. (*double rule*) The second Edition

(*double rule*) Psal. 29. *In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.* (*ornament between rules.*)

Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1633. (*rule*) ¶ And are to be sold by Fr. Green.

Collation as in no. 1; title in lace border. According to Prof. Palmer the only textual alteration is in p. 1, stanza 3, line 1.

3. 1634. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The third Edition. . . .

Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, . . . 1634 . . . sold by Fr. Green.

Collation as in no. 1; title in acorn border.

4. 1635. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The fourth Edition. . . .

Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, . . . 1635.

Collation as in no. 1; title in acorn border.

5. 1638. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The fifth Edition. . . .

Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, . . . 1638.

Collation as in no. 1; title in ornamental border.

6. 1641. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The sixth Edition. . . .

Printed by Roger Daniel, printer to the Universitie of Cambridge. 1641.

Collation as in no. 1; title in ornamental border. The ornament on the title-page is a cherub's head.

7. 1656. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The seventh Edition. . . . (*four ornaments*)

Collation as in no. 1; the title-page, which is in an ornamental border, has no date or imprint.

8. 1660. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The seventh Edition, with an Alphabeticall Table for ready finding out chief places. (*usual quotation between rules*) London, Printed by T.R. for Philemon Stephens, at the gilded Lyon in S. Pauls Church-yard 1656.

(*)^{6}, A-I^{12}, K^{6}, pp. (xii) plus 192 plus (36); title in ornamental border.

9. 1660. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The Eighth Edition, . . .

London, Printed by R.N. for Philemon Stephens at the Gilded Lyon in S. Pauls Church-yard 1660.

Collation as in no. 8; title in ornamental border.

10. 1667. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The Ninth Edition, . . .

London, Printed by J.M. for Philemon Stephens, and are to be Sold at the Kings Arms in Chancery-Lane, 1667.

Collation as in no. 8; title in double rule.

11. 1674. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . Together with his Life. With several Additions. . . . The Tenth Edition, . . .

London, Printed by W Godbid, for R.S. and are to be Sold by John Williams Junior, in Cross-Key Court in Little-Britain, 1674.

(a)^{6}, A-B^{12}, C^{8}, (*)^{6} first leaf cancelled, A-I^{12}, K^{6}, pp. (x) plus 60 plus (xii) plus 192 plus (36); portrait engraved by R. White on the verso of first leaf. Title in double rule. The cancelled leaf seems to have carried another title-page; probably all the preliminary matter on the leaves (a)1-C^{6}, including the portrait and Walton's *Life*, were added as an afterthought and substituted for the original title. Two engravings headed The Church-Porch and The Church appear for the first time on pp. 16, 17.

12. 1678. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . Together with his Life. . . . The Eleventh Edition, . . .

London, Printed by S. Roycroft, for R.S. and are to be Sold by John Williams Junior, at the Crown in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1678.

A^{12}, A-B^{12}, C^{8}, A-I^{12}, K^{4}, pp. (xxiv) plus 58 plus (2) plus 192 plus (36); with portrait and preliminary matter as before. Title in double rule. Prof. Palmer records an issue dated 1679; it appears to be identical with the above except that the date has been altered on the title-page, probably while the book was in the press.

13. 1695. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . By Mr. George Herbert, . . . Together with his Life. With Several Additions (*usual quotations*). The Eleventh Edition, . . .

London, Printed for R.S. and are to be Sold by Richard Willington at the Lute in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1695.

Collation as in no. 11. This edition is recorded only by Prof. Palmer, who conjectures that it consists of the sheets of the edition of 1674 with a new title-page and three preliminary leaves.

14. 1703. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The Twelfth Edition Corrected, . . .

London, Printed by J. Barber, for Jeffery Wale, at the Angel in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1703.

A-K^{12}, pp. (xiv) plus 192 plus (34); with portrait re-engraved by Sturt. The *Life* is printed at the end of *The Synagogue,* and collates continuously with this.

15. 1709. 12mo.

The Temple. . . . The Thirteenth Edition Corrected, . . .

London: Printed for John Wyat at the Rose in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1709.

Collation as in no. 14.

Herbert's Remains

16. 1652. 12mo.

Herbert's Remains. (*rule*) Or, Sundry Pieces Of that sweet Singer of the Temple, Mr. George Herbert, Sometime Orator of the University of Cambridg. (*rule*) Now exposed to publick light. (*rule*)

London, Printed for Timothy Garthwait, at the little North door of Saint Paul's. 1652.

A^{8}, a-b^{12}, c^{6}, B-H^{12}, A-D^{12}, pp. (lxxii) plus 168 plus (ii) plus 94; general title in ornamental border. Sub-title to first piece: *A Priest To the Temple, or, The Countrey Parson his Character, and Rule of Holy Life. The Authour, Mr. G.H. London, Printed by T. Maxey for T. Garthwait, at the little North door of St. Paul's. 1652.* Sub-title to second piece: *Jacula Prudentum. Or Outlandish Proverbs, &c. Selected by Mr. George Herbert, Late Orator of the University of Cambridge. London, . . . 1651.* The preliminary matter contains Herbert's *The Authour To The Reader,* dated 1632, and Barnabas Oley's view of his life and virtues. The whole volume was probably edited by Oley.

17. 1671. 8vo.

A Priest to the Temple. . . . (*rule*) The Second Edition; With a new Præface, by B.O. (*rule*)

London, Printed by T. Roycroft, for Benj. Tooke, at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1671.

A^{8}, a^{8}, B-O^{8}, pp. (xxxii) plus 139 plus (69); title in double rule. Oley's view of Herbert's Life is here placed at the end.

18. 1675. 12mo.

A Priest to the Temple. . . . (*rule*) The Third Impression. (*rule*)

London, Printed by T.R. for Benj. Tooke, . . . 1675.

A^{12}, a^{8}, B-L^{12}, M^{4}, pp. (xl) plus 166 plus (58); contents as in no. 17. Title in double rule.

19. 1701. 12mo.

A Priest to the Temple: . . . (*rule*) The Fourth Edition. (*rule*)

London: Printed for Benj. Tooke, at the Middle Temple-Gate in Fleetstreet. 1701.

A^{2}, B-H^{12}, I^{8}, pp. (iv) plus 141 plus (43); title in double rule. Oley's second preface is here omitted.

Textual Notes with variant readings

B. = Bodleian MS. Tanner No. 307. W. = Dr. Williams's MS. P. = G. H. Palmer's Ed. 1633 = Ferrar's edition of that year. A square bracket in the text marks the beginning of a new line. Verses are numbered as from the beginning of each poem.

Title-page. On the first page of B. is the title of the book, *The Temple,* followed by the verse from the Psalms and the Dedication. It is upon this page that the Vice-Chancellor and the four Censors have signed. It carries at the top corner the signature of W. Sancroft, and in the same hand the phrase printed on the half-title page of this edition. The subtitle, *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,* is taken from the edition of 1633.

Contents. This comes at the end of B., where it has no heading; this is supplied from the index of 1633. B. numbers each poem, from 1 to 165, on the left-hand side.

Perirrhanterium. Page 3, v. 1, l. 2. W. reads "The price of thee" for "Thy rate, and price". Page 3, v. 1, l. 4, 1633 prints "rhyme". Page 3, vv. 2, 3, 4, W. reads:

Beware of Lust (startle not), O beware
It makes thy soule a blott; it is a rodd
Whose twigs are pleasures, and they whip thee bare.
It spoils an Angel; robs thee of thy God.
How dare those eyes upon a bible looke
Much less towards God, whose Lust is all their book?

Abstaine or wedd: if thou canst not abstaine
Yet wedding marrs thy fortune, fast and pray:
If this seeme monkish; think which brings most paine,
Need or Incontinency; the first way
If thou chuse bravely and rely on God,
Hee'le make thy wife a blessing not a rodd.

Let not each fansy make thee to detest
A Virgin-bed, which hath a special crowne
If it concurr with vertue: doe thy best
And God will show thee how to take the towne,
And winn thy selfe: Compare the joyes and so
If rottennes have more, lett Heaven goe.

Page 3, v. 3, l. 5, 1633 reads "still" for "so". Page 4, v. 5, ll. 5, 6, W. substitutes the last two lines of v. 6, and completes v. 6 as follows: "He that has all ill, and can have no good [Because no knowledg, is not earth but mudd." Page 4, v. 7, l. 2, 1633 prints "lose" for "loose", using this form throughout the text. Page 5, v. 10, l. 3, W. reads "cheating" for "avarice". Page 5, v. 11, l. 4, P. misquotes B. as reading "apples". Page 6, after v. 15, W. inserts the following:

If thou art nothing, think what thou wouldst bee.
Hee that desires is more than halfe the way.
But if thou coole then take some shame to thee.
Desire and shame, will make thy labour, play.
This is Earth's language, for if Heaven come in,
Thou hast run all thy race, ere thou beginn.

Page 7, v. 20, l. 3, 1633 reads "stowre", *i.e.* stiff, stubborn; a better reading. Page 7, v. 20, l. 6, W. reads: "And though hee bee a ship, is his owne shelf." Shelfes = flats of sand. Very common until about 1750 (N.E.D.). *Cf.* page 96, last verse, l. 5. Page 8, v. 28, W. reads:

Yet in thy pursing still thy self distrust
Least gaining gaine on thee, and fill thy hart.
Which if it cleave to coine, one common rust
Will canker both, yett thou alone shallt smart:
One common waight will press downe both, yet so
As that thy self alone to hell shall goe.

Page 9, v. 32, l. 2, 1633 reads "than" for "then", using this form throughout the text. Page 11, v. 40, l. 6, 1633 reads "vein". Page 13, v. 53, ll. 5, 6, W. reads:

that Bow doth hitt
No more then passion when shee talks of it.

Page 14, v. 56, l. 6, W. reads "a drowsines" for "lethargicknes". Page 14, v. 58, ll. 5, 6, W. reads:

those I give for gone;
They dye in holes where glory never shone.

Page 15, v. 60, l. 6, 1633 reads "off" for "of", using this form throughout the text. Page 15, v. 62, W. reads:

Leave not thine owne deere-cuntry-cleanlines
For this french sluttery, which so currant goes:
As if none could bee brave, but who profess
First to be slovens, and forsake their nose.
Let thy minds sweetnes have his operation
Upon thy body, cloths, and habitation.

Superliminare. Page 19. B., W., and 1633 agree in giving these as two poems, B. and 1633 under one title. W. entitles the first poem *Perirranterium* and the second as B. and 1633. P. silently changes to two verses of one poem, although in the first poem the pious Church-goer is apostrophised, in the second "Profanenes." "Avoyd" is intransitive.

The Sacrifice. Page 22, v. 12, l. 2, B. reads "commande" obviously in error for "commands". Page 25, v. 33 is unexpectedly in the third person in B., 1633, and W. Page 25, v. 35, "lest" is given in error for "least", which is the true reading of B. Page 26, v. 43, l. 1, W. reads "mee heretofore" at the end of line. Page 27, v. 55, l. 1, W. reads "My soule is full of shame, my flesh of wound:". Page 28, v. 56, l. 2, W. reads "lost" for "left". Page 28, v. 56, l. 3, W. reads "to feel for you" instead of "for you, to feele".

The Thanksgiving. Page 29, l. 9 is to be read as if it were quoted, indicated in 1633 by the use of italics. Page 29, l. 11, W. reads "neglecting thy sad" instead of "skipping, thy dolefull".

The Reprisall. Page 30. In W. the title is *The Second Thanksgiving.* Page 30, v. 1, l. 2, W. reads "medling" for "dealing".

The Sinner. Page 32, l. 11, 1633 reads "hundredth".

Good Friday. Page 33. The last three verses, together with the two verses of *Redemption*, are called in W. *The Passion.* Page 33, v. 6, ll. 1, 2, in W. read "Since nothing, Lord, can bee so good [To write thy sorrows in, as blood,". Page 33, v. 8, W. reads:

> Sinn being gone, O, doe thou fill
> The place, and keep possession still:
> For by the writings all may see
> Thou hast an ancient claime to mee.

Sepulcher. Page 34, v. 1, l. 3, "herts" is given in this edition in error for "harts".

Easter. Page 35, vv. 4, 5, 6, W. has the following:

> I had prepared many a flowre
> To strow thy way and victorie,
> But thou wast up before myne houre
> Bringinge thy sweets along with thee.
>
> The Sunn arising in the East
> Though hee bring light and th'other sents,
> Can not make up so brave a feast
> As thy discoverie presents.

Yet though my flowrs be lost, they say
A hart can never come too late.
Teach it to sing thy praise, this day,
And then this day, my life shall date.

H. Baptisme. Page 38. W.'s version is as follows:

When backward on my sins I turne mine eyes
And then beyond them all my Baptisme view
As he that Heaven beyond much thicket spyes
I pass the shades, and fixe upon the true
Waters above the Heavens. O sweet streams,
You doe prevent most sins, and for the rest
You give us teares to wash them; lett those beams
Which then joined with you, still meet in my brest,
And mend, as rising starrs and rivers doe.
In you Redemption measures all my tyme,
Spredding the plaister equal to the cryme.
You taught the book of life my name, that so
Whatever future sinns should mee miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discreditt all.

Holy Baptisme (II). Page 38, v. 2, l. 5, 1633 and W. both give "Behither", incorrectly divided by B. into two words. "On this side of . . . (*cf.* beyond) . . . short of . . . a useful word, worth reviving." (N.E.D.)

Affliction. Page 40, v. 2, at the end of line 3 and for line 4, W. reads "bewitch [Into thy familie." Page 40, v. 3, ll. 3, 4, W. reads "I was preserved [Before that I could feare." Page 41, v. 5, ll. 5, 6, W. reads "I did not know [That I did live, but by a pang of woe." Page 41, v. 8, l. 5, B. has "neere" crossed out and "where" written in another hand above the line. This must be the correct reading. Page 42, v. 10, l. 4, P. misquotes B. as reading "could", not "should".

Repentance. Page 42, v. 1, l. 3, 1633 reads "momentanie". Page 42, v. 2, ll. 3, 4, W. reads "Looking on this side, and beyond us all: [We are born old." Page 43, v. 5, ll. 4, 5, 6, W. reads:

Melt and consume
To smoke and fume,
Fretting to death our other parts.

Faith. Page 44, v. 4, ll. 3, 4, W. reads:

with no new score;
My creditour beleev'd so too.

Page 44, v. 6, l. 4, W. reads: "My nature on him with the danger."

Prayer. Page 45, l. 5, W. has "sinner's fort" for "sinners Towre". Page 45, l. 7, W. has "Transposer of the world, wonder's resort."

The H. Communion. Page 46, v. 5, l. 3, P. misquotes B. as reading "life"; it reads "lift". Page 46, v. 8, W. reads:

> But we are strangers grown, O Lord,
> Lett Prayer help our Losses:
> Since thou hast taught us by thy word
> That wee may gaine by crosses.

Love. Page 48, II, l. 11, P. misquotes B. as reading "good" for "goods".

The Temper. Page 49, v. 2, l. 1, W. has "a hundred" for "some forty".

Employment. Page 51, v. 6, ll. 3, 4, W. reads: "Lord, that I may the sunn's perfection gaine [Give mee his speed."

The H. Scriptures. Page 52, I, l. 4, W. reads "suple outward" for "mollify all". Page 52, I, l. 11, W. reads "enough" for "too much". Page 52, II, l. 4, P. misquotes B. as reading "thy" for "the" (story). Page 52, II, l. 10, W. reads: "And more then fancy" for "And comments on thee". Page 52, II, l. 13, P. misquotes B. as reading "poores" for "poore". Page 52, II, l. 14, W. reads "can spell" for "lights to".

Whitsunday. Page 53, v. 1, ll. 1, 2, W. reads: "Come blessed Dove, charm'd with my song [Display thy . . ." Page 53, v. 1, l. 4, W. reads "Till I get wing, to . . ." Page 53, v. 2, l. 4, W. reads "With Livery-graces furnishing thy men." Page 53, vv. 4-7, W. substitutes the following:

> But we are falne from Heaven to Earth,
> And if wee can stay there, it's well.
> He that first fell from his great birth
> Without thy help, leads us his way to Hell.
>
> Lord, once more shake the Heaven and Earth,
> Least want of Graces seem thy thrift;
> For sinn would faine remove the dearth,
> And lay it on thy husbandry, for shift.
>
> Show that thy breasts can not be dry,
> But that from them joyes purle forever,
> Melt into blessings all the sky,
> So we may cease to suck; to praise thee, never.

Grace. Page 54, v. 2, W. reads:

> If the sunn still should hide his face,
> Thy great house would a dungeon prove,

Thy workes, Night's captives: O let grace
Drop from above.

Page 54, v. 4 is omitted in W. Page 54, after v. 5, W. inserts:

What if I say thou seek'st delays;
Wilt thou not then my fault reprove?
Prevent my sinn to thine own praise,
Drop from above.

Praise. Page 55, v. 2, at the end of line 1, W. reads "make me an Angel, I". Page 55, v. 2, l. 3, W. reads "steal up to" for "mount unto". Page 55, vv. 3 and 4 are reversed in W. At the end of v. 4 W. has "For to a poore [It may doe more." Page 55, v. 5, W. reads:

O raise me, then; for if a spider may
Spin all the day;
Not flyes, but I, shall be his prey,
Who doe no more.

Mattens. Page 56, P. notes incorrectly that W. omits "that" in the last line of v. 3.

Church-monuments. Page 59, v. 4, l. 4, W. reads "broken" for "crumbled". B. runs this whole poem on. 1633 divides it correctly into four verses.

Church-musique. Page 59, after v. 2, W. inserts:

O what a state is this which never knew
Sicknes, or shame, or sinn, or sorrow;
Where all my debts are payd, none can accrue,
Which knoweth not what means, too morrow.

Page 59, v. 3, l. 1, W. reads "part" for "post". Page 59, v. 3, l. 3, "travaile" is one of three spellings for "travel"; cf. *Nature,* p. 39, v. 1, l. 2, and *The Pilgrimage,* p. 137, v. 1, l. 1.

Church-lock and key. Page 60, v. 1, l. 1, W. reads "stops" for "locks". Page 60, after v. 1 W. inserts:

If either Innocence or Fervencie
Did play their part
Armies of blessings would contend and vye
Which of them soonest should attaine my heart.

Page 60, v. 3, W. has:

O make mee wholy guiltles, or at least
Guiltles so farr,
That zele and purenes circling my request
May guard it safe beyond the highest starr.

The Quiddity. Page 63, v. 1, l. 3, W. reads "Nor" three times.

Frailty. Page 64, v. 1, ll. 6, 7, W. reads "Misuse them all the day; [And ever as I walk, my foot doth tredd".

Sunday. Page 68, v. 1, W. has:

O day so calme, so bright:
The couch of tyme, the balme of teares,
The indorsment of supreme delight,
The parter of my wrangling feares,
Setting in order what they tumble:
The week were dark, but that thy light
Teaches it not to stumble.

Page 69, v. 4, l. 2, W. reads "kingdome arch'd doth stand" for "palace arched lyes". Page 69, v. 4, ll. 5, 6, 7, W. reads: "They are the rowes of fruitful trees [Parted with alleys or with grass [In God's rich Paradise."

Imployment. Page 73, v. 5, W. reads:

O that I had the wing and thigh
Of laden Bees;
Then would I mount up instantly
And by degrees
On men dropp blessings as I fly.

Denial. Page 74, v. 6, l. 4, W. reads "soule" for "mind". Page 74, v. 6, l. 5, W. reads "meet" for "mend".

Christmas. Page 74, v. 1, l. 1, W. reads "All after pleasures riding on a day,". Page 75, v. 4, W. reads "Furnish my soule to thee, that being drest, [Of better lodging thou maist be possest."

Ungratefulnes. Page 76, v. 2, l. 1, W. reads "Thou had'st but two rich cabinets of treasure,". Page 76, v. 4, l. 4, 1633 corrects B.'s "allures" to "allure".

The World. Page 78, v. 2, l. 5, W. reads "Quickly reformed all. . . ." Page 78, v. 4, l. 4, W. reads "But Love took Grace and Glory. . . ."

Our life is hid with Christ in God. Page 79. The italics are given as in 1633.

Vanity. Page 80, v. 4, l. 1, 1633 reads "sought" for "wrought".

Lent. Page 80, v. 1, l. 1 should end with a comma. Page 80, v. 1, l. 3, W. reads "a child" for "compos'd".

Vertue. Page 82, v. 1, l. 3, 1633 corrects B.'s "too night". See also "too morrow" in W.'s verse inserted in *Church-musique.* Page 82, v. 2, l. 3, 1633 reads "its" for "his".

The Pearle. Page 83, v. 1, l. 1, 1633 prints "Learning. Both . . . ". Page 83, v. 3, ll. 6-9, W. reads:

> Where both their baskets are with all their store,
> The smacks of dainties and their exaltation:
> What both the stops and pegs of pleasure bee,
> The joyes of company or contemplation.

The first three of these lines are then erased.

Affliction. Page 84, v. 2, l. 6, 1633 has "prick" for "pink".

Man. Page 85, v. 2, l. 2, W. has "mo" for "no". Page 87, v. 9, ll. 5, 6, W. reads: "That as the world to us is kind and free, [So may we bee to thee."

Antiphon. P. incorrectly notes that B. calls this poem *Ode.* Page 87, v. 4, l. 1, W. has "thou dost deserve much" for "thy prayses should bee".

Unkindnes. Page 88, v. 2, l. 3, W. has "darkned" for "blasted".

Justice. Page 90, l. 1. P. notes incorrectly that B. reads "my" for "thy".

Charmes and Knots. Page 91, v. 2, W. reads:

> A poore mans rod, if thou wilt hire,
> Thy horse shal never fall or tire.

Page 91, v. 4, l. 2, W. reads "Doubles the night and trips by day." Page 91, vv. 6 and 7 are reversed in W Page 91, after v. 7 W. inserts "Who turnes a trencher, setteth free [A prisoner crusht with gluttonie." Page 91, instead of the last verse, W. reads:

> The world thinks all things bigg and tall;
> Grace turnes the Optick, then they fall.
>
> A falling starr has lost his place;
> The courtier gets it, that has grace.
>
> In small draughts heaven does shine and dwell;
> Who dives on further, may find Hell.

Misery. Page 94, v. 1, l. 3, W. has "out" for "all". Page 95, v. 7, l. 3, B. reads "So our", not "Some", as noted by P. Page 95, v. 8, W. reads:

> And feed the swine with all his mind and might:
> For this he wondrous well doth know,
> They will be kind, and all his pains requite,
> Making him free
> Of that good companie.

Page 96, v. 11, ll. 5, 6, W. has "All wretched man, [Who may thy follies span?"

Jordan. Page 97. Called *Invention* in W. Page 97, v. 3, l. 2, W. has "So I bespoke me, much insinuation:". Page 97, v. 3, l. 4, W. has "preparation" for "long pretence". Page 97, v. 3, l. 6, W. has "Coppy out that; there needs no alteration."

Prayer. Page 97, v. 1, l. 2, W. reads "Art thou, my blessed King! . . ." Page 98, v. 4, l. 2, the comma after "Ease" is omitted in error.

Sion. Page 101, v. 1, l. 6, 1633 corrects the spelling to "seers".

Home. Pages 101 *et seq.* reproduce the MS. variations in spelling ("show", "shew") in the refrain at the end of each verse, except by inadvertence at the end of v. 2; a mistake which makes the whole effort seem a little silly.

The Dawning. Page 107, v. 2, l. 1, P. incorrectly refers to B. as reading "doe" for "dost". Page 107, v. 2, l. 8, should read "a" instead of "an".

Busines. Page 108, v. 11, l. 1, B.'s reading is "spare of breath".

Dialogue. Page 109, 1633 prints verse 2 and all but the last line of verse 4 in italics.

Providence. Page 115, v. 32, l. 3, 1633 reads "kan" for "can".

Gratefulnes. Page 118, v. 2, l. 3, 1633 reads "giv'n him".

The Bunch of Grapes. Page 123, v. 4, l. 1, 1633 corrects "vine" to "wine".

Love Unknowne. 1633 prints the following in italics: l. 18, "Your hart was foule I feare." l. 37, "Your heart was hard, I feare." l. 56, "Your heart was dull, I feare." From l. 61, "Truely, friend," to the end. The words italicized in this edition are those which seem to be written in a slightly larger hand in B.

Mans Medly. Page 126, v. 4, l. 4, 1633 reads "So must he. . . ."

The Storme. Page 127, v. 1, l. 6, 1633 corrects to "amaze poore mortals".

Paradise. Pages 127, 128, 1633 prints the last word of each line in small capitals. For these words B. plainly shows an intentional change of handwriting.

Divinity. Page 130, v. 5, 1633 follows the italics indicated by a change of handwriting in B.

The Size. Page 133, v. 1, l. 5, P. incorrectly supposes that B. reads "strings" for "springs". Page 134, v. 7, after l. 3,

Grosart invents and inserts: "At all times fall", noting that he does so because a line is missing. Page 134, v. 8, 1633 prints the last line in italics.

Artillery. Page 134, v. 1, l. 2, P. notes incorrectly that B. reads "methought". Page 134, v. 1, l. 4, 1633 prints "not" for "no" in error.

Church-rents or schismes. Page 136, 1633 reads the title *Church-rents and schismes.* Page 136, v. 1, l. 1, 1633 alters "place" to "chair", presumably for the rhyme. Page 136, v. 2, l. 8, read "vaded" (B.) for "faded" (1633).

The Discharge. Page 141, v. 11, l. 5, 1633 prints "promis'd. He . . . ".

The Jewes. Page 148, v. 1, l. 2, for "sinnes" 1633 prints "cyens", the equivalent of "scion," "a slip for grafting," which is the better reading.

The Call. Page 152, v. 1, l. 4, 1633 misreads "And such a . . ."

Praise. Page 154, v. 5, l. 1, 1633 reads "one" for "on".

Josephs coat. Page 155, l. 3, 1633 prints "note:" for "note."

The Pulley. Page 155, v. 1, l. 3, P. notes incorrectly that B. reads "his", not "him".

Self-condemnation. Page 167, v. 1, l. 4, B. miswrites "state" for "estate".

The Foile. Page 172, v. 2, l. 2, 1633 corrects the orthography, printing "off" in both places for "of". (*Cf.* note on *Perrihanterium,* page 9.)

The Forerunners. Page 173, v. 5, l. 2, 1633 corrects the orthography, printing "clothe" for "cloth".

The Rose. Page 174, v. 5, ll. 4, 5. B. miswrites "emnity" in both lines.

The Elixir. Page 180, W.'s title is: *Perfection, The Elixir.* For v. 1 W. reads:

> Lord teach mee to referr
> All things I doe to thee,
> That I not onely may not err
> But allso pleasing bee.

After v. 3 and after v. 5 W. inserts a stanza, but both are erased.

Love. Page 185, 1633 and W. print the necessary full-stop at the end of the penultimate line.

The Church Militant. Page 186, l. 11, W. reads: "Thou didst rise early for to plant this vine,". Page 186, l. 16, W. reads: "All, emblems, which thy darling doth improve."

Page 186, l. 20, W. reads "to" for "from" (Canaan). Page 187, l. 49, W. reads: "Thence into Greece she fled, where curious Arts". Page 187, ll. 60-62, W. reads:

> Before the other two were in their prime:
> From Greece to Rome she went, subduing those
> Who had subdued all the world for foes.

Page 189, l. 133, W. inserts "in" after "came". Page 190, l. 160, W. reads:

> Traditions are accounts without our host.
> They who rely on them must reckon twice
> When written Truths shall censure mans devise.

Page 191, l. 180, W. reads "dispensations" for "free dispensings". Page 191, l. 190, P. erroneously notes that B. omits "his". Page 191, l. 193, W. reads "both kings and many a" for "and finely work each". Page 191, ll. 201-204, W. reads:

> Who brought his doctrines and his deeds from Rome:
> But when they were unto the Sorbon come,
> The waight was such they left the doctrines there
> Shipping the vices onely for our sphere.

ADDENDA

The H. Scriptures. Page 52, II, l. 7. For "watch" the readings "match" or "patch" have been conjectured. If emendation be necessary, I suggest "hatch", *i.e.*, "to bring to full development, especially by a covert or clandestine process." (N.E.D.)

The Collar. Page 149. The usual interpretations of this title as meaning subjugation or constraint seem to me to be not a little forced and inappropriate to the theme of the poem. I venture to make the conjecture that *collar* perhaps should be *choler*. N.E.D. gives "collar" as an obsolete form of "choler," and as one of its meanings "anger, heat of temper, wrath."

F. M.

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